DOCTOR WHO™ MAGAZINE

Bang on Target!

Uncovered! The inside story of the Doctor's paperback past

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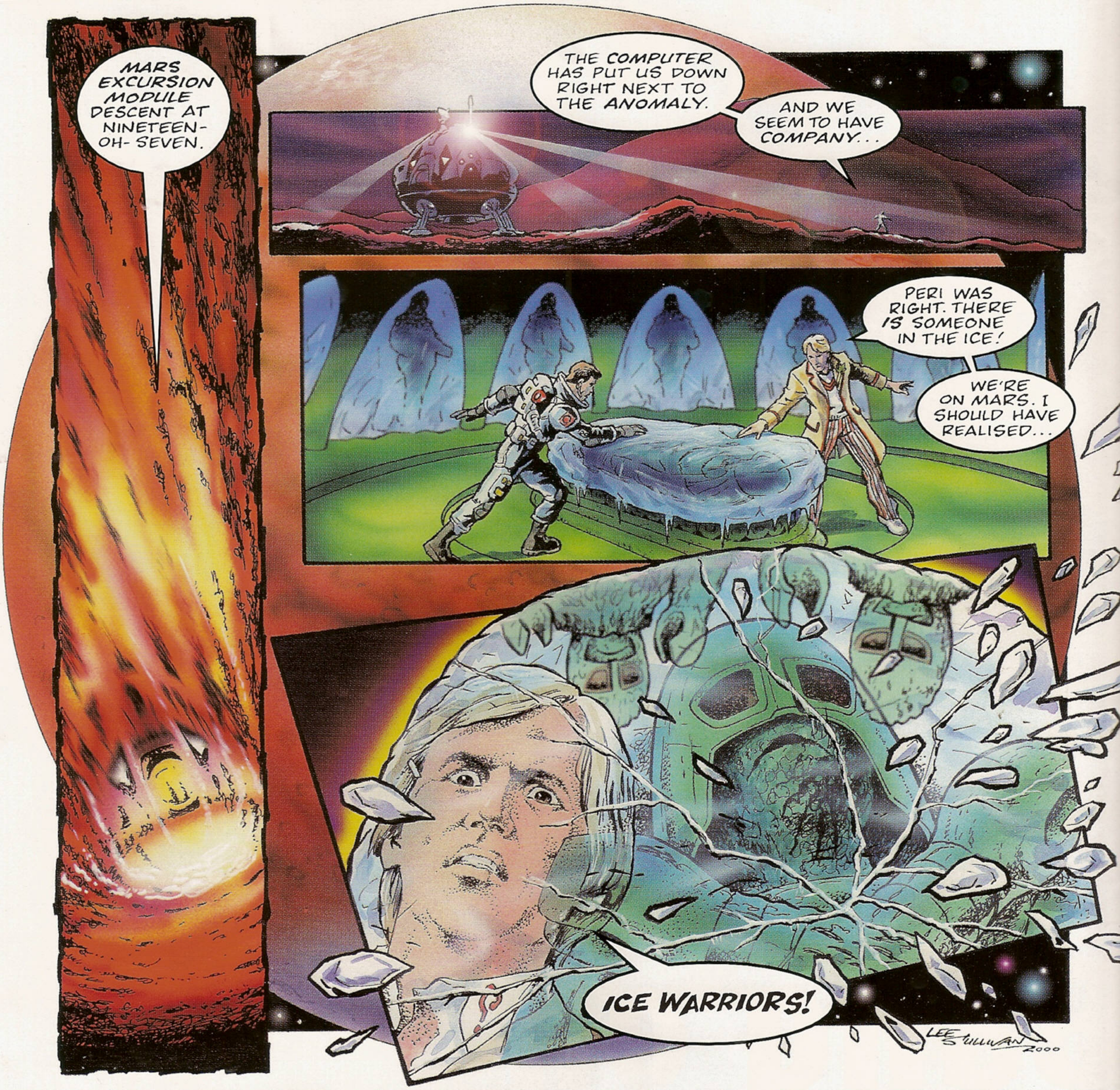
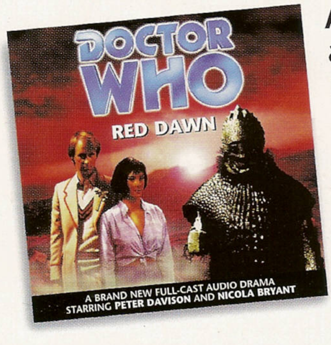
RED DAWN


MARS EXCURSION MODULE DESCENT AT NINETEEN-OH-SEVEN.
THE COMPUTER HAS PUT US DOWN RIGHT NEXT TO THE ANOMALY.
AND WE SEEM TO HAVE COMPANY...
PERI WAS RIGHT. THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE ICE!
WE'RE ON MARS. I SHOULD HAVE REALISED...
ICE WARRIORS!
LEE SULLIVAN 2000


DOCTOR WHO
RED DAWN
A BRAND NEW FULL-CAST AUDIO DRAMA STARRING PETER DAVISON AND NICOLA BRYANT

A frozen crypt on a dead world holds a terrible secret . . .

Ares One: NASA's first manned spaceflight to Mars, funded by the immensely rich and powerful Webster Corporation. The crew's mission is to investigate an 'anomaly' on the surface of the red planet – a seemingly freak geological formation that looks suspiciously like a building . . .

As key systems on *Ares One* begin to break down, the NASA team begin to wonder if they have been told the whole story. Why have they lost all contact with Earth? What is the real agenda of the Webster Corporation? And who are the two strangers already exploring the 'anomaly'?

But these problems soon seem as nothing when Lord Zzarl and his Ice Warriors wake from their frozen sleep . . .

Red Dawn, by Justin Richards. Available this month on cassette and CD

DWM 291

'Excite the interest and comment of all your friends!'

FEATURES

8 COVER STORY

Brought to book

From 1973 to 1994, the 13 million *Doctor Who* novelisations issued by Target Books delighted readers around the world. In the first of a new series on *Doctor Who* publishing, we uncover the behind-the-scenes story of life at Target . . .

DOCTOR WHO
DEATH TO THE DALEKS
TERRANCE DICKS
DOCTOR WHO AND THE DAY OF THE DALEKS
DOCTOR WHO AND THE CAVE-MONSTERS
DOCTOR WHO AND THE PYRAMIDS OF MARS
DOCTOR WHO AND THE CURSE OF PELADON
DOCTOR WHO AND THE DÆMONS
DOCTOR WHO AND THE ZARBI
DOCTOR WHO AND THE CRUSADERS
DOCTOR WHO AND THE MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA

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26 The Third way

What's the point in worrying about your appearance if, in a parallel universe, you have an eye-patch, a scar or a big, black comedy wig? In another instalment of the popular series looking at the more unlikely moral lessons to be learned from *Doctor Who*, Gareth Roberts reaches the Pertwee years.

26

44 This is his life

In the final part of this typically bonkers interview with Tom Baker, the great man tells unlikely-sounding stories about kippers and a boy called Clutterbuck, before tackling the thorny topics of begging, badgers and Bisto. And yes, he mentions Kasterborous too.

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REGULARS

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Checkmate to Small Prophet, Quick Return
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50 **It's the end, but . . .**

Gallifrey Guardian

Red letter day for Tom devotees

Tom Baker is to make an appearance at this year's London International Stamp Show at the Earls Court Exhibition Centre, where he'll be signing BBC-licenced First Day Covers featuring the Post Office's Dalek stamp. Tom will be at The Stamp Centre's stand on both Saturday 27 and Sunday 28 May between 11.00am and 4.00pm; for further details, see the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

More soundtracks this summer!

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO
THE MACRA TERROR
THE ORIGINAL BBC TELEVISION SOUNDTRACK
BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO
THE HIGHLANDERS
THE ORIGINAL BBC TELEVISION SOUNDTRACK

Pictured here are a next batch of covers in the continuing Radio Collection releases of soundtracks from lost 1960s adventures – *The Macra Terror* and *The Highlanders*.

DWM 292

Next issue, DWM lifts the lid on unproduced adventures of the Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Doctors as we revive our 'lost stories' strand! Join us as we tumble through *The Menday Fault*, witness *The Tearing of the Veil* and uncover *The Enemy Within*! Plus: we interview the most popular author of original *Doctor Who* novels ever, as revealed by the results of this year's readers' survey; *The Highlanders* in the **DWM** *Archive*; yet more shocks and surprises in Part Six of *The Glorious Dead*; the Time Team overhear half of *The Daleks' Master Plan*; and we preview new audio *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor*! Stuffed to the gills with all the usual guff, **DWM** 292 is on sale from 1 June!

Tenth Planet reconstructed? • Robots of Death DVD announced

Cybertin for Christmas

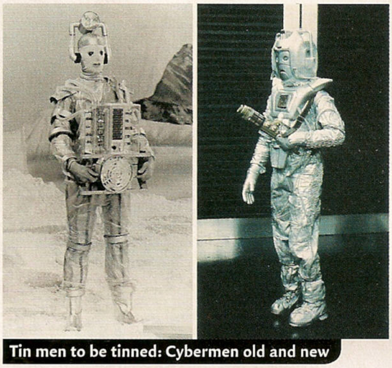
Following on from a number of special boxed sets released in the run-up to Christmas, BBC Video has announced that a Cybermen box will be issued in November 2000.

The set pairs *The Tenth Planet* with *Attack of the Cybermen*, its 1986 semi-sequel. Both stories have long been high on fans' wish lists for future releases.

First broadcast in 1966, *The Tenth Planet* sees the return of Earth's sister planet, Mondas, to our solar system. The first story to feature the mostly inhuman Cybermen, it was also the last to star William Hartnell as the Doctor. Although only the first three instalments have survived the mass junkings of black-and-white episodes in the 1970s, the missing Episode 4 is expected to be reconstructed in a similar manner to that seen in 1998's *The Ice Warriors Collection* – where original soundtrack excerpts were combined with stills, off-screen 'telesnaps' and narration to help 'fill in' missing sequences. In the case of the *Tenth Planet*, this could be augmented with surviving clips of the Doctor's regeneration plus off-air cine camera footage. Ralph Montagu, one of *Doctor Who*'s 'Restoration Team', has been assigned to the project.

1985 two-parter *Attack of the Cybermen*, starring Colin Baker, has been held back for some time due to clearance problems which now, finally, appear to have been resolved.

After several changes of plan, the next *Doctor Who* story to be released on Digital Versatile Disc will be Tom Baker four-parter *The Robots of Death*. Unlike the first *Doctor Who* DVD, *The Five Doctors Special Edition*, the disc will contain a number of special additional features. An audio commentary by writer Chris Boucher and producer Philip Hinchcliffe has already been recorded; a picture gallery and additional, unseen studio footage (of non-broadcastable quality) taken from Shibaden tapes retained by the *Doctor Who* Production Office may also be added to the package. *The Robots of Death* is scheduled for release in October.



Tin men to be tinned: Cybermen old and new

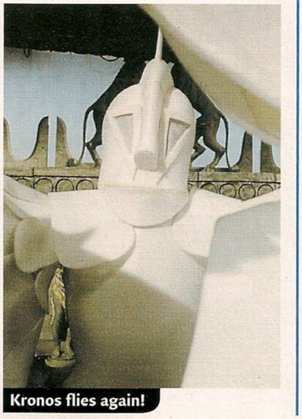
……

TV writer scripts werewolf audio for 2001 • Chronovores make comeback

Big Finish go howling mad!

Ghost Light scripter and *New Adventures* author Marc Platt has penned an audio adventure to be made by Big Finish Productions.

Very provisionally entitled *Werelings*, Platt's storyline concerns a family of lycanthropes living in near-contemporaneous Rio de Janeiro. Featuring Peter Davison's Fifth Doctor accompanied by Mark Strickson's Turlough, *Werelings* is planned for release sometime in the spring of 2001.



Kronos flies again!

Also likely to be produced around the same time is *Bloodtide* by Jonathan Morris, whose debut BBC Books novel *Festival of Death* is in bookstores this coming September.

An episode in the voyages of the Sixth Doctor and Evelyn Smythe, *Bloodtide* sees the long-awaited return of Earth Reptiles the Silurians and the Sea Devils – and tells the story of their encounter with 19th century naturalist Charles Darwin.

BBC Books news: Kronos returns!

Another Pertwee-era menace is set to be revived in *The Quantum Archangel*, the February 2001 addition to BBC Books' 'Past Doctor Adventures' range.

Craig Hinton marks his return to novel-writing with this adventure, a sequel to 1972's largely unloved *The Time Monster* in which the Sixth Doctor and Mel face up to a rematch versus the Master and the Chronovores.

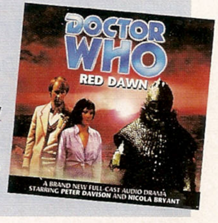
New Eighth Doctor companion Anji – who first appears in February's other novel, Colin Brake's *Escape Velocity* – has undergone a change of surname to reflect her Anglo-Asian background; she's now 'Anji Kapoor', a City stockbroker with a UFO-hunting brother.

Win ice!

Big Finish Productions, purveyors of phonal pleasure to the people, release all-new Fifth Doctor thriller *Red Dawn* this month – and, bless their little cotton socks, they've given us five copies to give away to five lucky readers in this issue's competition!

Red Dawn features those Martian malevolents the Ice Warriors – and, to win, we'd like you to guess how many Ice Warriors you can fit in a Mini. And why.

No, not really. Name the *Carry On* star who played the first Ice Warrior seen on TV, instead. Entries on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked 'SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS' to the editorial address on page 6 by 1 June. Entries not bearing the correct number of 'Ss' will be immediately disqualified – is that understood?


DOCTOR WHO
RED DAWN
A BRAND NEW FULL-CAST AUDIO DRAMA
STARRING PETER DAVISON AND NICOLA BRYANT

Stars come out in force for new audio adventures

More Big Finish players assemble! Clockwise from top left: recording September's *The Fires of Vulcan*, Bonnie Langford and ex-*EastEnder* Gemma Bissix (slave Aglae); Bonnie reunited with Sylvester McCoy; Peter Davison, Sarah Sutton and *Babylon 5*-er Peter Jurasik (Lt Sandoz) in *Winter For the Adept*; Lalla Ward, Colin Baker and Maggie Stables in August's *The Apocalypse Element*.

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

Compiled by Dominic May

Television Expect **Tom Baker** to return as the ghostly Wyvern as the BBC has commissioned a second series of *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)*. New episodes are being developed by popular fan authors/**DWM** contributors **Gareth Roberts** and **Mark Gatiss**. Although **Peter Davison** will not return for the next series of *The Mrs Bradley Mysteries* – his character Inspector Christmas having been unmasked as the villain of the piece – his ITV series *At Home With the Braithwaites* has been commissioned for a second run. He acquitted himself well as a panellist on BBC1's *It's Only TV But I Like It* on 30 March and appeared on Christopher Timothy's *This is Your Life* on 10 April. Nicholas Courtney had to wait 18 years for a terrestrial première of the Frankie Howerd sitcom *Then Churchill Said to Me*, in which he played Colonel Robin Winterton, but BBC2 finally got round to it on 8 April. **Antony Root**'s production of *The Great Gatsby* aired on BBC1 at the end of March. **Andrew Morgan** directs part of Channel 5's new contemporary horror series *Urban Gothic*, commencing in mid-May.

Film **Paul McGann** has won himself the plum role of Andrew Morton in upcoming feature *The Biographer*. **Elisabeth Sladen** has been shooting video *The Matrix Files*, which uses the Wooky Hole caves location of *Revenge of the Cybermen*. It will be launched in July at the Event 4 convention in Weston-Super-Mare.

Stage Venues for the tour of *Out of Order* starring **Colin Baker** and **Deborah Watling** for May onwards are Theatre Royal, Bath; Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield; Theatre Royal, Lincoln; Towngate Theatre, Poole; Malvern Theatre; and Theatre Royal, Windsor for two weeks (check local press for details). The tour may recommence in the Autumn. **Kate O'Mara** embarked on a tour in the first-ever stage adaptation of *Passport to Pimlico* on 27 March, which continues until the end of July.

Radio **Tom Baker** will be one of the guests on the new Radio 4 entertainment show replacing *Loose Ends* on Saturdays. **Peter Purves** recently allowed himself to be sent up as the main guest of Radio 4's *Radio Shuttleworth*.

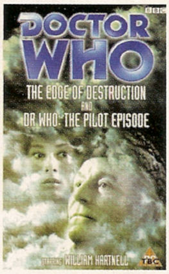
Collectors' Heaven

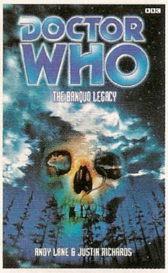
May **Video** **Doctor Who: The Edge of Destruction and The Pilot Episode: An Unearthly Child** [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Red Dawn** by Justin Richards [Fifth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Space Age** by Steve Lyons [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Grave Matter** by Justin Richards [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Books* **Non-fiction** **Jon Pertwee: The Biography** by Bernard Bale *André Deutsch*

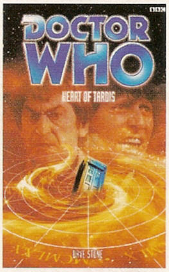
June **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Spectre of Lanyon Moor** by Nicholas Pegg [Sixth Doctor, Evelyn & the Brigadier] *Big Finish* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Ghosts of N-Space** [Third Doctor & Sarah] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Soundtrack CD** **Doctor Who: Galaxy 4** [First Doctor, Vicki & Steven] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Banquo Legacy** by Andy Lane & Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Heart of TARDIS** by Dave Stone [Second and Fourth Doctors, Romana] *BBC Books* **Non-fiction** **Doctor Who: Pocket Essentials** by Mark Campbell *Pocket Essentials*

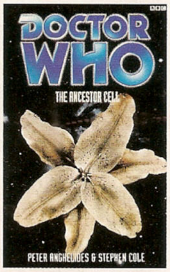
July **Video** **Doctor Who: Time-Flight** [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa & Tegan] *BBC Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Winter For the Adept** by Andrew Cartmel [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Ancestor Cell** by Peter Anghelides & Stephen Cole [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Prime Time** by Mike Tucker [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books*

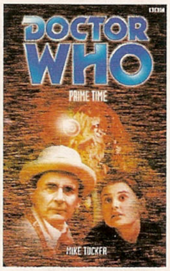
August **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Dalek Empire: The Apocalypse Element** by Stephen Cole [Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] *Big Finish* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Ghosts of N-Space** [Third Doctor & Sarah] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Soundtrack CD** **Doctor Who: The Highlanders** [Second Doctor, Ben, Polly & Jamie] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Soundtrack CD** **Doctor Who: The Macra Terror** [Second Doctor, Ben, Polly & Jamie] *BBC Worldwide* £tba **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Burning** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Imperial Moon** by Christopher Bulis [Fifth Doctor & Turlough] *BBC Books*











BBC Books novels RRP £5.99
BBC videos RRP £12.99 (except where stated)
Big Finish audio dramas on double CD (£13.99; mail order and specialist shops only) or double cassette (£9.99)

DOCTOR WHO
Bang on Target!

Wasn't it lovely for we British to have *Doctor Who* back on air for those few weeks at the turn of the century? How marvellous to have another chance to see Autons, Nestenes, Silurians, Davros and his Daleks. (Not that we couldn't have done it any night of the week, if we wanted, via the magical magnetic medium of videograph tape recording.) How disappointing it was when the run was curtailed. It almost makes me wish that I'd actually watched any of them.

But even if this happy time came to a premature end with Part Six of *Genesis of the Daleks*, there is comfort to be drawn from the fact that, even out of the terrible evil of that cancellation, some great good has come . . .

Having just read through the audited sales figures of the last few months of **DWM**, it is clear that we have a little over 1,000 new readers with us thanks to BBC2's archive-dipping. So hello to all of you! My name is Gary, I'm 28, my favourite *Doctor Who* story today is *Horror of Fang Rock*, I know the dance moves to *Tragedy* by Steps – though I've no idea what you might learn from that fact – and I've been working on this magazine for a very long time.

Within weeks, you too will know how many Jabolites live on the planet Mirrorlon

Now then, lucky newcomer, you might have already realised that most of the rest of us have been deeply immersed in all this stuff for some years, and reading the magazine may seem like trying to crack some kind of bizarre code. But stick with it and all will become clear; within a few short weeks you too will know which story '5U' is, how many Jabolites live on the planet Mirrolon, and on what exact date Alice 'Bunny' Frick created *Doctor Who*.

To help you out, here are a few basic facts you'll need to know . . .

On 23 November 1963, the assasination of President Kennedy was delayed for ten minutes by news of the broadcast of the first episode of *Doctor Who*. The first story begins with Ian, a chocolate-loving teacher, meeting eccentric inventor Dr Who and his grandchildren Susan, John, Barbara and Gillian in a car crash in a junkyard on Barnes Common. Writer Gerry Pedlar created the word 'Cyberman' after seeing a volume of an encyclopedia covering 'CYB' to 'ERMAN'. When recording the story *Inferno*, Nicholas Courtney spun round in his chair wearing an eye-patch . . . only to discover the rest of the cast in T-shirts reading "Come back Bill Hartnell – all is forgiven." Actress Deborah Watling had lead shot sewn into her knickers to stop them being blown off into Patrick Troughton's (pronounced Truff-ton's) pocket. The Daleks were created by Terry Yarvelling; for his help, Raymond P Davros received an *ex gratia* payment of £200, with which he founded the Georgian State Dancers. The BBC Visual Effects Department have discovered that inflated maggots make excellent contraceptives.

Sadly, some of the above facts (actually, all of the above facts) are rubbish. The real story of *Doctor Who* is much more surreal. We hope you have fun discovering it. Nice to meet you!

Gary

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Timelines

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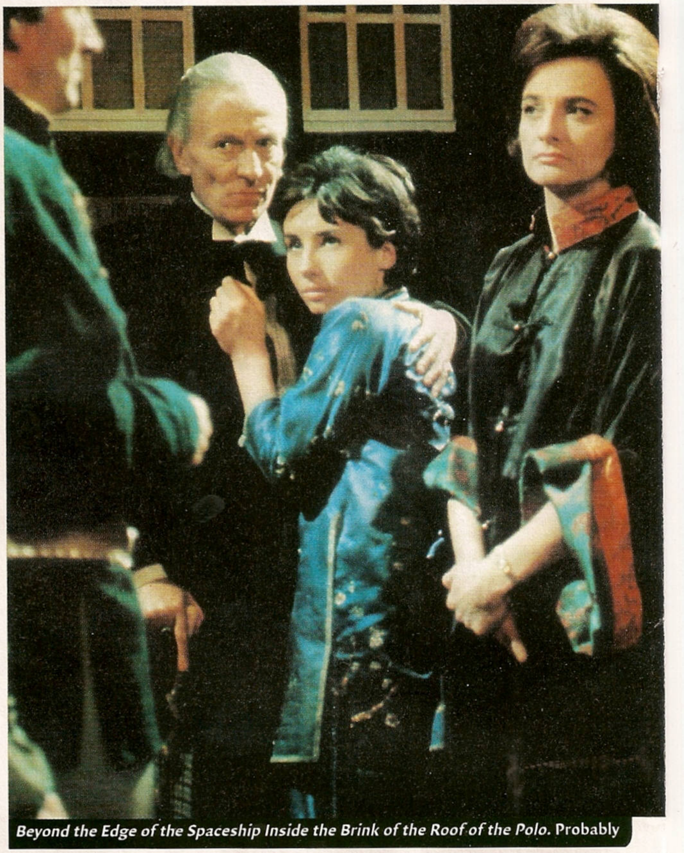

Beyond the Edge of the Spaceship Inside the Brink of the Roof of the Polo. **Probably**

WORKING TITLES

DWM columnist The Watcher got your pulses racing in issue 288's *It's the end . . .* column, snapping at the hand that gives space to his increasingly obscure musings by denouncing this very magazine's official guide to the titles of the early 1960s stories. And you lot weren't half ready to cheer him on . . .

Regarding the Watcher's article in **DWM** 288. All I can say to him is, if you want to call *An Unearthly Child*, *An Unearthly Child* – then do so, and don't bow down to any cretinous prat who says otherwise. If the title *An Unearthly Child* was deemed accurate enough to appear on a video sleeve then it's good enough for me. Only a total pompous arse would refer to *The Edge of Destruction* as *Inside the Spaceship*. I therefore implore all similar-minded people to maintain a firm two-fingers-raised at all those self-righteous tosspots who think they can change 25 years' worth of accepted *Who* name-ology and continue the tradition of *An Unearthly Child*, *The Edge of Destruction* and *The Massacre* well into the 21st century.

Iver Hardy
Redruth, Cornwall

PS: You're free to censor any of the more extreme wording above. Should you choose to print it.

"The Watcher was quite right to lash out at the pathetic re-titling of stories," reckons **Beth Ravenwood** of Ashford, going on to berate those fans who "have nappy-soiling fits if anyone uses old titles that people have grown up with." Ouch. But what's this?

Surely the Watcher is only being precious about the early titles because he's read so many books and magazines that got them wrong? If the 1973 *Radio Times* special had been better researched we wouldn't need articles like this.

And why is it only the first three serials that seem to get singled out for most of this attention? I'll be perfectly happy if the Watcher calls them *An Unearthly Child*, *The Dead Planet* and *The Edge of Destruction* on condition that he's consistent and calls the next story *The Roof of the World*, the next one *The Sea of Death*, then *The Temple of Evil* . . .

Kate Halpin
Salisbury, Wilts

JACKET IN!

I would like to voice my opinions on a seemingly insignificant part of *Doctor Who* – the merchandise design.

There is now such a wide variety of *Doctor Who* merchandise that I assume some people must be buying it – and yet the designs of some of these products look like something a stressed GCSE pupil knocked up in five minutes.

The worst of these are the BBC Radio Collection covers. They seem to be a random montage of images related to the story. *The Web of Fear* has a monochrome illustration of the Doctor and an unintentionally funny painting of a Yeti. It looks hideous. The video and book covers are better, although the photomontage style looks silly sometimes. I think that the original imagery on books such as *The Shadows of Avalon* look a lot better . . .

So I plead with these companies to try harder. If I weren't a fan, I would certainly not bother to give many of these products a try. As they say, you can't judge a book by its cover – and this is certainly the case, given what's inside these shoddy efforts.

Lee Davies
via e-mail

TEAM EFFORTS

We've had several letters, mostly scented and marked 'Personal', in response to the new photos of the intrepid foursome who comprise *The Time Team* (and my, hasn't young Clayton made a hit!). Our next correspondent, however, is more concerned by the content . . .

I don't know why you keep the Time Team on. All they seem to do is bitch, moan and make cheap, sarcastic jibes about the early years. These are supposed to be *Doctor Who* fans. God knows what overseas readers make of it. They must think we've gone mad. *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and *X Files* fans must be rubbing their hands in glee at the excessive self-mockery of the British. 1960s *Who* (they only dig the historicals) will never be shown while they're around. If that's all this lot can come up with in terms of 'fresh observations' you'd be better off switching them. Or throwing the whole thing open to **DWM** readers, who do sometimes actually review, instead of counting how many seconds a sound boom got into frame! *Time Team* isn't working with this bunch, who seem to bring out the worst in each other.

Ewan Williams
Warton, Lancs

A Dalek. Building sandcastles. Yesterday

Nick Goodman [via e-mail] would disagree: "*The Time Team* is becoming one of the first articles I turn to. I've never been very interested in the Hartnell episodes, being more of a Baker/Sladen/Hinchcliffe fan (I know – not very original, but there you go!) But I'm really starting to mourn the fact that I never went out and bought the video releases . . ."

Also, **Nick Marshall** of Halesowen, W Midlands wrote in praise of the unofficial fifth Team member – artist Adrian Salmon: "his superb, atmospheric creations really add to the feature. I hope he'll stick around to supply pictures for the complete run."

While we're on the subject . . .

It's all very well discussing what the Dalek was doing in the Thames in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, but the Time Team in **DWM** 288 fail to realise that there is no such debate with the cliffhanger to episode one of *The Chase*. The Dalek is clearly under the sand for precisely the same reason as the TARDIS – because of the recent sandstorm. By rising out of the sand, the Daleks show considerably greater power than the time machine, in that they have no need for golden aliens to dig them out.

Great magazine, etc etc.

James Lark
Cambridge

IN BRIEF . . .

Now the lovely Iris Wildthyme has had the grace to discuss her travels with you [*Bafflement and devotion*, **DWM** 289] can we also have the pleasure of her crossing over to the Big Finish audios – preferably in the form of Miriam Margoyles? I think she's a great character who could sustain a whole spin-off series herself.

Ben Morris
via e-mail

In response to young Robyn Bryan's letter [*Timelines*, **DWM** 288], I think it would be a fantastic idea for someone to produce 'junior' *Doctor Who* books,or simply shorter stories. The novels can be difficult to understand for the new generation of fans who never got to experience brand new adventures properly. They could be written in the same style as the Harry Potter books – in other words, for all ages. I for one have stopped buying the BBC Books range, not because of the books themselves, but because I either don't have the time, or just find them daunting (and I'm 19!). The novelisations were just the right length. Come on, even *The X Files* has books of this type. If I was a publisher I'd look into this right away . . .

Terry Austin
Redhill, Surrey

I don't believe it! You've done it again! I didn't think the comic strip could top the shock value of the Eighth Doctor's 'death' in *The Final Chapter* and his subsequent reappearance in *Wormwood* but the ending to *The Glorious Dead* Part Three beats them all. Nothing you've ever printed has made me laugh as much as the final frame!

Gavin Winters
via e-mail

I think your comic strips are good but the inclusion of Kroton the 'good' Cyberman was a bad idea. I mean the Cybermen are never ever trying to ward off evil but create it. I was very surprised when the Doctor just seemed to take Kroton in to be his companion. Even when for about 700 years he's been fighting them. It also will probably make the stories boring because Kroton is so strong he could just easily destroy any aliens that get in the Doctor and Izzy's way. Also how could a Cyberman just turn good? I think you should destroy Kroton or something and bring back Fey.

Jack Loughran (aged 11)
London SW16

Well, if it's the very aesthetic Ms Truscott-Sade you want, James, we'll see what we can do a little later on in this very issue . . .

Next time: your thoughts on our Tom Baker special. Just space for [this]:

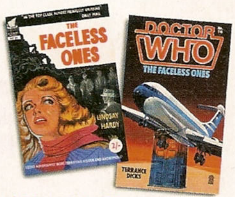
[AND] FINALLY . . .

In the [20] years I have been reading [the superb publication] **DWM**, I have never been compelled to write to you. However, when **DWM**-speak starts to enter my everyday language I clearly have to take action. I refer to your [oh-so-irritating] bracketing activities, which I have found myself using at [my place of] work . . .

Around the time of the [1996] TV Movie, presumably for the benefit of those [fans] who started reading the magazine with [Eighth Doctor] Paul McGann, you suddenly started putting [explanatory] brackets in front of everything.

Stop it. Please. If those [new] fans have not caught up by now they never will . . . Let the youngsters work out for themselves that Barry Letts was a producer, without describing him as [former producer] Barry Letts.

[*Doctor Who* fan and loyal reader]
Tim Hirst
via e-mail



CONSPIRACY CONSPIRACY

E Gowers of Cheshire writes to inform us of a blimey-isn't-that-weird spooky coincidence type-thing: in March, Big Finish Productions released Sixth Doctor audio adventure *The Marian Conspiracy*, which probes hidden truths and secret histories from England's past. Astonishingly enough, publishers Sidgwick & Jackson also chose March to release a hardback entitled, erm, *The Marian Conspiracy*, which probes hidden truths and secret mysteries from England's past. Lawks! Are they by any chance related?

Strangely, it was also March when cheapskate **DWM** reader **Anthony Colin** of Cambridge was out and about vainly scouring second-hand bookstalls for an affordable copy of Gareth Roberts' *The Well-Mannered War*. No joy there – but just look at the booty he uncovered instead! Lindsay Hardy's 1956 thriller *The Faceless Ones*, in which one Major Keen faces up to mysterious adversaries described as "grim, hidden and anonymous until dragged into the light" in Berlin. Odd, then, when one considers 1967 *Doctor Who* thriller *The Faceless Ones*, in which crackpot adventurer Dr Who faces up to mysterious adversaries who could easily be described as grim, hidden and anonymous until dragged into the light – in, er, Gatwick Airport.

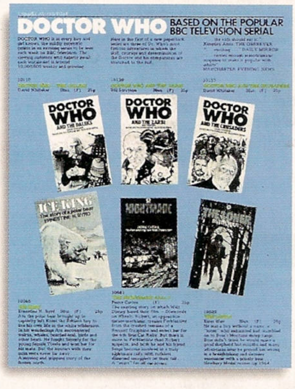
The *Daily Mail* described the 1956 version as "In the top class. Almost painfully gripping." Others have described the 1967 version as almost painful. Whatever, we want to see more books which share their titles with *Doctor Who* stories on these pages soon – so oblige us, readers, if you can!

The Changing Face of Target Books

CHAPTER ONE BINDING CONTRACTS

Based on the popular BBC TV serial

In the first chapter of the first volume of a complete and unabridged history of Doctor Who publishing, David J Howe reveals the origins of the Target Books range.



DOCTOR WHO BASED ON THE POPULAR BBC TELEVISION SERIAL

Target Books: two words with a very special significance to *Doctor Who* fans. Maybe they transport you back to childhood days spent devouring published adventures, and the joy of discovering that there were Doctors before Jon Pertwee. Perhaps they spark off memories of finding battered paperbacks in jumble sales, or a desperate hunt to locate that elusive copy of *The Wheel in Space* . . .

There cannot be many **DWM** readers unaware of the range of novelisations originally released between 1973 and 1991. Nonetheless, little is known about their background: how the range came about, how the books became such a major success – and how the Target name met its eventual demise. This series is an attempt to redress the balance.

Ten years before *Doctor Who* arrived on home video, the novelisations were the fans' first chance to relive old adventures; in many cases, the works of Terrance Dicks, Malcolm Hulke, Barry Letts, Brian Hayles *et al* were among the first books they ever read. 153 different novelisations bore the Target logo on their spines; there were over 800 individual printings and re-printings. Over 13 million copies had seen print by 17 March 1994, when a reissue of *Doctor Who: The Talons of Weng-Chiang* became the last book to be issued under the Target emblem. And this is their story . . .

Fourteen, Gloucester Road in London's South Kensington is an unimposing sight – a modest shop-fronted mews property on a busy street in one of the more upmarket areas of the capital. In 1972, it was home to the Universal-Tandem publishing company. The building housed a small studio and a kitchen, as well as offices; the art department was located next door, in a converted garage. Run by an entrepreneur by the name of Ralph Stokes and specialising in mass-market paperbacks, Universal-Tandem was not large, employing approximately nine staff to handle everything.

The company had been formed in the early 1960s. Stokes had been working at Four Square Books and, when that company began to go into decline, started talking to a man named Anthony Gibbs, at the time running a publishing house called Anthony Gibbs and Phillips. Stokes joined forces with Gibbs to start a new imprint for Gibbs' company, and asked Brian Miles, a similarly disillusioned friend from Four Square, if he would run the sales side. Stokes, Gibbs and Miles founded the Tandem imprint (so named because they intended to publish hardback and paperback editions simultaneously – *ie*, in tandem) in 1964. The Allan Wingate name was used for hardback library editions; a publishing house which had gone bankrupt in the post-War years, Allan Wingate's stock and name had been purchased by Paul Hamlyn, who had later sold the Wingate name to Gibbs for one penny.

Although all the elements were in place, the company struggled due to a lack of capital. In an attempt to raise funds, Stokes flew to New York in the late 1960s, eventually making contact with the Universal Publishing and Distributing Company Inc, a successful publisher of sports magazines which also ran a paperback imprint called Award Books and an imprint called Softcover Library (which was responsible for a large number of soft porn titles). At Stokes' request, the Tandem imprint was bought by Universal; the UK subsidiary was named Universal-Tandem Publishers. Stokes and Miles joined the new company, based at 33 Beauchamp Place. The benefits – financial support from America, plus the ability to distribute and repackage the Universal Award titles in the UK – were felt immediately. Things went so well that eventually Universal-Tandem was able to move to larger premises at 14 Gloucester Road.

By 1972, the company was doing so well that its founders wanted to expand further. Unfortunately, the main imprint, Tandem, was already stretched, and the obvious solution was to start a new imprint. "We were minnows at that time," remembers Brian Miles. "Names like Pan, Penguin and Corgi were very powerful, so we had to do things which were far more astute and clever and looking for the main chance. For example, when Lord Longford was associated with Granada Publishing, he stopped them putting out Xaviera Hollander's *Happy Hooker* books. So we picked them up for next-to-nothing and they did really well for us."

One area which seemed attractive was children's books. "I was aware that there was a market for children's publishing," explains Miles, "especially as I was already doing business with Scholastic Publications, who specialised in that area. They would take copies of books we published as they could sell them to the wider state school market. The chap I dealt with there was an editor called Richard Henwood – and so, having decided to start our own children's list, I rang Scholastic with the intention of seeing if Richard would be interested in coming to work for us. They told me that he had left the company, but gave me his home number. I rang Richard at home and put the proposition to him to come and put our list together. I think he was really pleased."

"I was hired to that end and with a relatively open chequebook," recalls Henwood. "I wasn't completely sure that there was room for another imprint within the children's paperback market. I needn't have worried."

Henwood describes Universal-Tandem as: "Small, friendly, unorthodox, with a dash of eccentricity that came from Ralph. I augmented it upon arrival and quickly grew to like and respect my new boss immensely. He was an 'old-style' publisher – and the profession, now massively corporatised, is much the poorer in spirit without his ilk."

Thirty nine-year-old Henwood's role was to work with Miles to put together a new children's imprint.

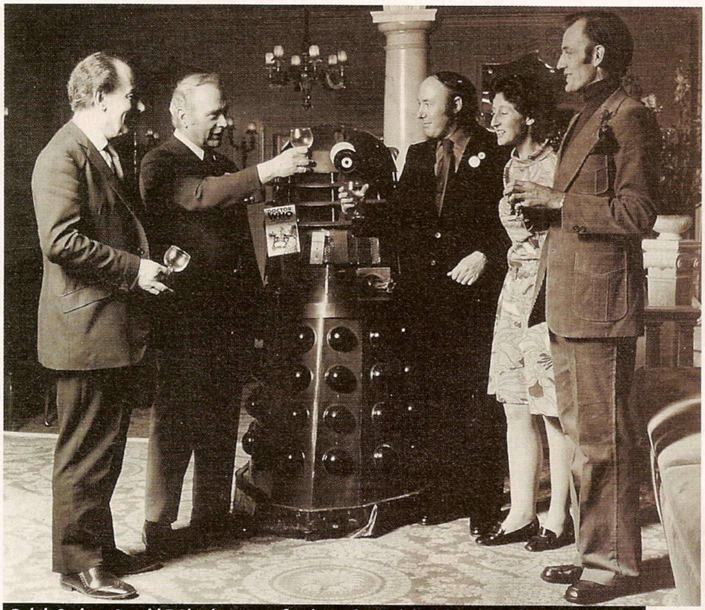
This spread: *Doctor Who and the Daleks*, by Chris Achilleos

Unfortunately, at that time, Universal in America was on a downward trend and funding to set up the list was not forthcoming. Henwood therefore found himself in the position of having to do everything himself. "We were on our own, and for the time being I would have to do without a secretarial assistant. I would have to do everything myself – reading, selection, negotiation, contracts, editing and production – everything, indeed, except publicity and sales. I could think of no comparable editor in children's book publishing with such a job specification."

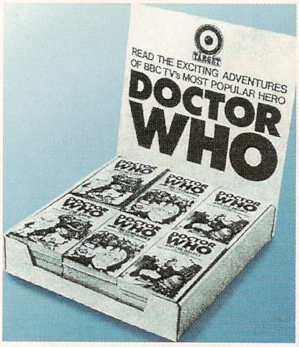
From the start it was an uphill struggle. The new imprint's books were to be originated either by commissioning from scratch or by purchasing paperback rights to existing hardbacks. To this end, Henwood began calling upon children's hardback publishers to see what they might have in the way of material to reprint in softcover editions.

"What was I after? Selling lots of good books which youngsters wanted to read and not what the children's book literati thought they ought to read," explains Henwood. "I was hitting for an age group of four to 15 years, with the core centre of the list pitched at 11-14 year olds. I also wanted cover designs which hooked the attention, and titles which instantly communicated the guts of the book's content – something constantly given insufficient importance to in those days by many children's book editors, who hadn't had the advantage of the mail-order experience and training I'd received at Scholastic. An example: I bought a book by GD Griffiths about a kitten that got lost on Dartmoor from a company called World's Work. They had published it with what I recall to have been an ineffective title and an indifferent cover. Notwithstanding, it was runner-up for the 1973 Whitbread Award. I had a hell's own game persuading the editor at World's Work to allow me to change the title – it was to their benefit since we would sell more copies and they would gain a greater royalty. Reluctantly and sniffily I was given permission. The book was published by us in 1974 with the title *Abandoned!* and a photograph on the cover of a lonely looking black kitten sitting on grass and backed by ferns – heaven knows where the art director got hold of that photo. It sold like hot cakes, not least to Scholastic, which bought an entire print run for distribution."

'Without hesitation, the publisher exclaimed: "Doctor Who? They'll sell!"'



Ralph Stokes, Arnold E Abrahamson of Universal, a Dalek, Brian Miles, Carole Edmunds and Richard Henwood at the launch of Target in May 1973



The name of this new list was to be Target, an idea originated by Brian Miles. "At that time, and probably still today, any imprint logo had to be good. I remember driving into work via Chiswick House roundabout and thinking that I wanted alliteration in the names. Tandem and – Target! That's when it came to me. The symbol was already there – Target Books said so much about what we were trying to do. It was perfect. So I suggested this to Ralph and [freelance designer] Brian Boyle and they loved it too. It was a perfect logo. We had badges made, posters – it really worked well."

Regardless of the enthusiasm at Universal-Tandem, Henwood encountered a mixed reception when talking about his plans for the new list with other children's publishers. "Jane Hollowood – who had created the Pan Piccolo list a year or so before – reckoned there was still room for another imprint, but hardback editors were sniffy since Universal-Tandem was a small stable with not the greatest of reputation for high-quality books. To break into the market they had to have someone, I suppose like myself, who knew many of the hardback people and stood some chance of fighting his corner against the likes of Kaye Webb at Puffin, who, I discovered, was routinely given first option on any paperback edition of a new hardback novel. With an open chequebook I gleefully snatched *Badjelly the Witch*, a new children's book by Spike Milligan, from her grasp. She was furious. Almost overnight, advances on paperback rights shot up as a consequence. But undoubtedly, what guaranteed the success of Target was the *Doctor Who* acquisition right at its heart. Definitely a publishing scoop of the first order that, retrospectively, I feel very lucky and privileged to have come my way."

It was when visiting the offices of publishers Frederick Muller in Tottenham Court Road that Henwood first discovered the *Doctor Who* titles. "I was ushered into the boardroom by the rights manager and arranged on the table were some 20 books. One swift glance told me that I was almost certainly wasting my time, but my eyes strayed back to a trio of tired-looking hardbacks in the centre. '*Doctor Who*,' I mused aloud to myself. 'Oh I don't know.' The fact is, I'm ashamed to say, that back then I didn't. As a matter of deliberate choice we had no television at home, and I had only seen a few minutes of the odd episode of *Doctor Who* in someone else's house. However, I said, 'I'll take an option on that trio, if I may . . .'

"'They didn't sell very well into the libraries when we published them in 1964,' said the rights manager, 'but Armada paperbacked one as an experiment. It's out of print now.'

"Back at Gloucester Road I showed my morning's 'catch' to Brian Miles. Without hesitation, he exclaimed, '*Doctor Who* – they'll sell!'

"I expressed some lingering doubt, which in retrospect I realise had more to do with lack of personal enthusiasm for sci-fi literature than what should have been uppermost on my mind – *Doctor Who*'s marketing potential.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' said Brian. 'If you don't trust my judgement, I'll telephone round the reps this evening.' Their replies were quite unanimous – a surefire winner!"

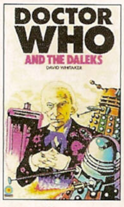
Realising that this *Doctor Who* range could be far bigger than the three titles he had bought the paperback rights for, Henwood contacted the BBC to discuss options on publishing further titles. In a letter dated 3 November 1972 he set out his intentions, requesting: first option to novelise all *Doctor Who* scripts; access to photographs from the stories in question; and permission to re-illustrate the first three William Hartnell titles with likenesses of Jon Pertwee's Doctor (an idea which was later dropped).

Henwood initially wanted to publish a further three or six paperbacks, depending in part upon the success of the initial three re-issues. Brian Miles recalls that they were all happy with what Henwood wanted to do. "To hit the market with any force or impact you had to publish three or six titles in one go. So we were all very enthusiastic about the *Doctor Who* titles, and the initial launch was very successful, with those three books as the centrepiece."

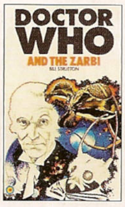
Henwood was put in touch with the *Doctor Who* production office and spoke to both producer Barry Letts and script editor Terrance Dicks. "By the end of 1972, *Doctor Who*'s ratings on television were increasing steadily," remembers Letts. "When Richard Henwood found that

Those Target book covers in full . . .

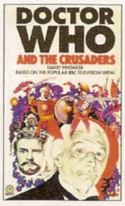
Month by month, this handy visual guide will help bring the Target range to life! Only original editions and reprints with new jacket illustrations are shown, with month of publication, original price, (w)riter and (a)rtist. This issue: May 1973 to October 1977.



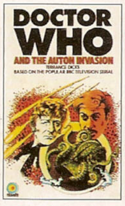
Doctor Who and the Daleks
5/73 25p
w David Whitaker
a Chris Achilleos



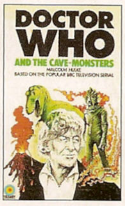
Doctor Who and the Zarbi
5/73 25p
w Bill Strutton
a Chris Achilleos



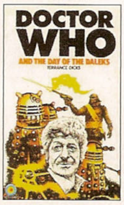
Doctor Who and the Crusaders
5/73 25p
w David Whitaker
a Chris Achilleos



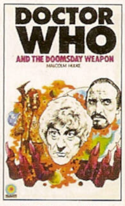
Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion
1/74 25p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



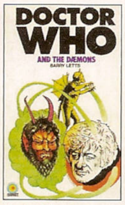
Doctor Who and the Cave-Monsters
1/74 25p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Chris Achilleos



Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks
4/74 30p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon
4/74 30p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Chris Achilleos

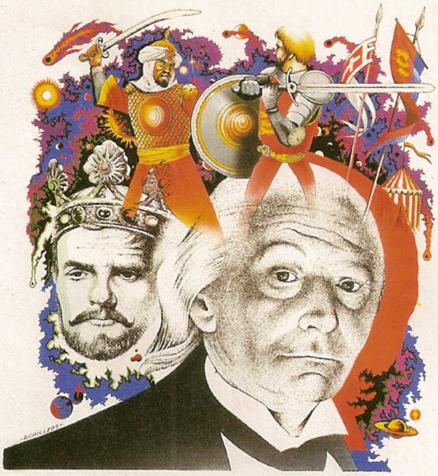


Doctor Who and the Dæmons
10/74 30p
w Barry Letts
a Chris Achilleos

Doctor Who and the Sea-Devils
10/74 30p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Chris Achilleos

the rights to the *Doctor Who* books were available, he felt like he'd discovered a real treasure. He came to us asking about doing more books, and I was all for the idea. Anything that increased the profile of the show was bound to be a good thing."

Terrance Dicks was enthusiastic about the idea of novelising the scripts – he had previously written to Frederick Muller and suggested the same thing, but had received no reply to his letter – and offered to write some of the novelisations himself. "When Richard came to us at the *Doctor Who* office and said that he wanted to do more books, asking us who would write them, my immediate response was, 'I will!' because I'd always wanted to do a book. It was a golden opportunity and a way into book writing – which it certainly proved to be.



"Richard asked which one I wanted to do and after some discussion I chose *Spearhead From Space*, as they wanted something fairly current. 'Oh, I don't like that title,' said Richard. 'What's it about?' and so it was renamed *The Auton Invasion*, the first of the new range. They used to change the titles like that, and nobody really cared in those days. It was all done in a very casual higgledy-piggledy way – *The Auton Invasion* was the first book of any kind I'd written, and I worked very hard on it. I remember I was late delivering it by about a week, which is quite serious in television terms. I took it around to the publishers myself and handed it in. I didn't hear for ages after that, and thought that perhaps they hated it, or the range had been stopped or something. When I eventually phoned up to ask what was happening, Richard said, 'It's gone to the printers! Now which one are you going to do next?'"

'The history is soundly researched – and the sadism distinctly kinky!'

Dicks has always seen the books as more than just spin-offs. "Each book is written as a self-contained unit," he explained to a journalist in the late 1970s, "and is capable of standing on its own without the television series. The turning of a script into a book is not as easy as it might sound. Certainly all the dialogue is available, but one has to make the transition between the media and convey all that is taken care of by visual image on the screen purely by the written word."

As well as writing the books, Dicks ended up working as a kind of unofficial editor to the range. He would choose the titles to be done, and was given first option on writing them. To help out with the writing, Dicks turned to some of the original script-writers he was working with at the BBC – people like Malcolm Hulke and Brian Hayles.

"For a time there was a handful of us doing them," explained Dicks. "At that time I was still script-editing the show for the BBC, so it helped. But over a period of time, the others dropped away. This was mainly because the books weren't paying very much money – not in television terms anyway – and eventually when I decided to leave *Doctor Who* along with Barry and Jon, I was back in the freelance market and this was a steady stream of work for me."

Henwood and Dicks wanted initially to concentrate on stories featuring the then-current Third Doctor. The provisional schedule for titles was: *Spearhead From Space* and *Doctor Who and the Silurians* in December 1973; *The Ambassadors of Death* and *Terror of the Autons* in March 1974; and *The Claws of Axos* and *Colony in Space* in May 1974 (Dicks had recommended excluding *Inferno* and *The Mind of Evil*, both scripts by Don Houghton). It was thought that once the novelisations were up and running, then previous Doctors' stories could also be covered.

A contract was drawn up between the Universal-Tandem Book Publishing Company and the BBC allowing Universal-Tandem to publish paperbacks with a separate provision for hardbacks. After brief negotiations, a royalty of two-and-a-half per cent of the cover price was agreed to be paid to the BBC for each copy sold.

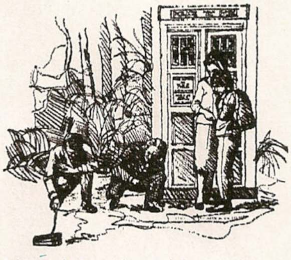
The final, revised, choice of stories for the first tranche of new novelisations was *Spearhead From Space* (novelised as *Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion*), *Doctor Who and the Silurians* (*Doctor Who and the Cave-Monsters*), *Day of the Daleks*, *Colony in Space* (*Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon*), *The Dæmons* and *The Sea Devils*. These had all been commissioned by July 1973 for publication at the rate of one every two months starting in January 1974. Henwood contracted Terrance Dicks to handle Robert Holmes' *Spearhead From Space* and Louis Marks' *Day of the Daleks*,

A Meeting on the Common

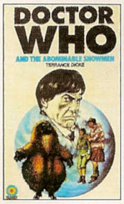
Dave Owen delves beneath the yellowing jackets of the first three Target editions . . .

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS

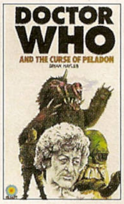
Doctor Who and the Daleks offers a pair of opening chapters full of fog, blood and mistrust which more than equal the series' first four episodes in terms of compulsion and atmosphere, as Ian Chesterton alone encounters his new travelling companions – Barbara being as much a stranger to him as Susan and her grandfather, Doctor Who. Try very hard, if you can, to avoid playing a mental recording of *An Unearthly Child* when reading *A Meeting on the Common* and *Prisoners in Space*; instead, let David Whitaker give Ian's perspective on his brush with impossibility, with beautiful similes from a simpler time before Britons had Concorde or the Common Market. Accordingly, *Tardis*' control room is the size of a 50-table restaurant; when she lands the sound is of many air-raid sirens winding down, and Doctor Who compares his and Susan's situation to spies in a hostile country whose hiding place is an aircraft.



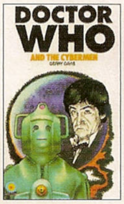
This print introduction to *Doctor Who* induces euphoria in neophytes and veteran viewers alike by being a self-contained introduction to the series – it's possible for those already familiar with it, by virtue of this version's jarring and therefore unforgettable differences, to experience what it was like to meet the ➤



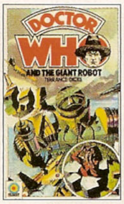
Doctor Who and the Abominable Snowmen
11/74 30p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



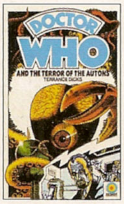
Doctor Who and the Curse of Peladon
1/75 30p
w Brian Hayles
a Chris Achilleos



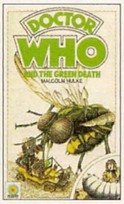
Doctor Who and the Cybermen
2/75 35p
w Gerry Davis
a Chris Achilleos



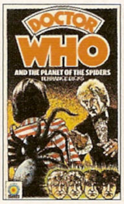
Doctor Who and the Giant Robot
3/75 35p
w Terrance Dicks
a Peter Brookes


DOCTOR WHO
AND THE TERROR OF THE AUTONS
TERRANCE DICKS

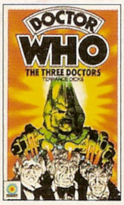
Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons
5/75 35p
w Terrance Dicks
a Peter Brookes



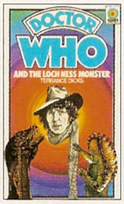
Doctor Who and the Green Death
8/75 35p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Peter Brookes


DOCTOR WHO
AND THE PLANET OF THE SPIDERS
TERRANCE DICKS

Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders
10/75 35p
w Terrance Dicks
a Peter Brookes



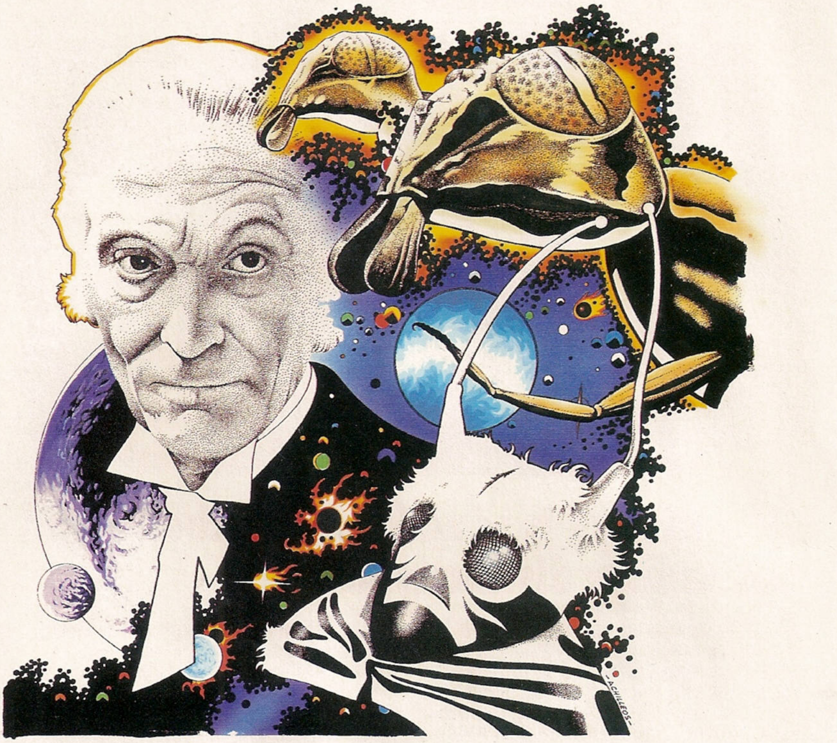
Doctor Who: The Three Doctors
11/75 35p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



Doctor Who and the Loch Ness Monster
1/76 40p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos

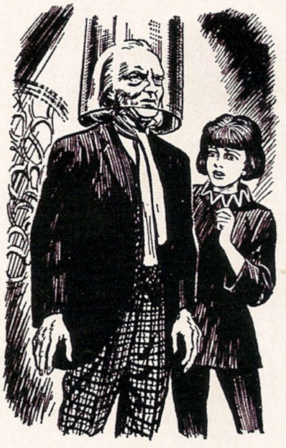
Doctor for the first time. By the time Ian walks out of *Tardis* onto the surface of Skaro and feels an alien heat wash over him, he has come to believe in the Doctor – and this book is so very well-written that its readers will, too.

Then follows the 'exciting adventure' promised in the book's original title – made all the more so by diverging for the better from the televised storyline, where Barbara's attraction to blond pacifist Ganatus is displaced by her complex and confusing rejection of Ian for much of the second half. The story speeds along, leading to the destruction of the squeaky-voiced glass-housed Dalek leader, a scenario Whitaker would reuse later (as well as the chapter title *The Power of the Daleks*). This is easily readable in a single emotional sitting – and if you're reading this, Mum, it's still the Best Book Ever.



DOCTOR WHO AND THE ZARBI

The higher the Scrabble value of a book's title, the more trashy it is, says snobbish orthodoxy – and in the case of *Doctor Who and the Zarbi*, it's a Triple Word Score truism. Superficially, this is near-identical to its precursor; *Tardis* is stranded on a dead planet and, after some bacon and eggs, its crew must investigate and find a citadel, home of the identical monsters of the title, one of whom is nobbled to effect their *Escape into Danger*. They eventually ally themselves with a less aggressive set of English-speaking natives and assist ➤



Malcolm Hulke to write his own scripts up and Barry Letts to novelise *The Dæmons*, which he had co-written for television under the name 'Guy Leopold'.

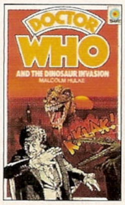
As well as producing *Doctor Who* on television and writing for the range of books, Letts also took on the responsibility for approving all the material on behalf of the BBC. "I was always pleased with the covers," says Letts, "but I always disliked the internal illustrations. I actively fought against them, but the publishers liked them. I remember that there was one illustration in *The Dæmons* which was simply all wrong: it was of the scene in the barrow where the Doctor and Jo confront Bok the gargoyle, just before the Doctor sings the Venusian lullaby to scare it away. The artist had drawn the picture but all the shadows were going the wrong ways, and the illumination was all wrong – I wasn't happy and I said so at a meeting with Richard Henwood and the artist. So they re-did that picture."

Letts remembers that originally the publishers had wanted to use photographic covers. "We looked into this and found that there were photographs available, but when we asked Jon Pertwee about it, he was very pleased but asked the further question: 'How much?' Unfortunately the publishers were not prepared to pay to use Jon's image on photographs, and he wouldn't agree to them using his photograph with no payment. They therefore decided to use artwork instead as there was no payment due on artwork."

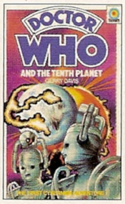
The artist chosen to handle the all-important covers for the new *Doctor Who* books was a 24 year-old Cypriot called Christos Achilleos. After leaving college in the early 1970s, Achilleos had ended up working for Brian Boyle on some of the Universal-Tandem covers. He eventually moved on and went to work for an agency which handled freelance artists. Boyle remembered him in 1972 when Stokes and Miles were discussing the *Doctor Who* covers, and got back in touch.

"One day I got this call from Brian Boyle," Achilleos recalls. "He said that Universal-Tandem were doing three *Doctor Who* books, and would I like to do the covers? They wanted to have something like the ones that Frank Bellamy had done for the *Radio Times* – in fact, it turned out that they had already asked Frank if he would do them but he had turned them down, so they asked if I would do them in that style.

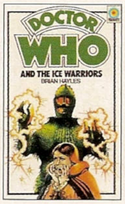
"At first I just had the three to do, and I didn't know whether they intended to continue the series or not. After that there was quite a long gap of about six to 12 months



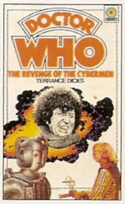
Doctor Who and the Dinosaur Invasion
2/76 40p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Chris Achilleos



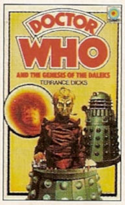
Doctor Who and the Tenth Planet
2/76 40p
w Gerry Davis
a Chris Achilleos



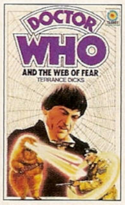
Doctor Who and the Ice Warriors
3/76 40p
w Brian Hayles
a Chris Achilleos



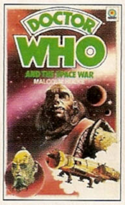
Doctor Who: The Revenge of the Cybermen
5/76 40p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



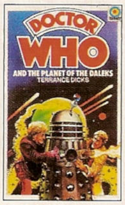
Doctor Who and the Genesis of the Daleks
7/76 45p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



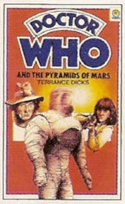
Doctor Who and the Web of Fear
8/76 45p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



Doctor Who and the Space War
9/76 45p
w Malcolm Hulke
a Chris Achilleos



Doctor Who and the Planet of the Daleks
10/76 45p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



Doctor Who and the Pyramids of Mars
12/76 45p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos

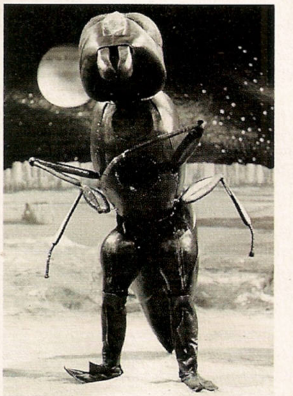
and then they asked if I would do another one – that was *The Cave-Monsters*. They just asked me for them one at a time at first – they didn't tell me that it would end up as one a month!"

Achilleos was provided with photographs courtesy of the BBC via Terrance Dicks, and created his covers using a similar style to that used by Frank Bellamy. "Generally when you illustrate a book," he recalled, "you get a copy of it and either it's a reprint, in which case you can have a look at what the other fellow's done, or if it's new, you just read through a manuscript quickly looking for something visually exciting, maybe an actual scene in the book, but the cover is more than just an illustration of a particular bit in the book, it has to be a graphic interpretation of it. The cover of a book is what sells it.

"As far as designing the *Doctor Who* covers, it was left entirely up to me. The art director would tell me which one was next, and I just gave him the finished product, which was how I got away with so much.

"I have had some arguments over some of the covers that I've done though. When I did *The Zarbi*, which was the first cover that I completed, and first heard the basic plot, I thought, 'Great, I can do these fantastic giant ants!' But the BBC disagreed – they insisted that the Zarbi should look like those which appeared in the TV series, so I had to change it. I also wanted to change the Daleks a bit, make some of them different. There must be all sorts of Daleks, different ranks, with different functions, so that's why the ones on the cover of *Doctor Who and the Daleks* don't look the same as those on television."

'When I first heard the plot of The Zarbi, I thought, 'Great – giant ants!'



For the initial three covers, Achilleos painted images which would become synonymous with *Doctor Who* in the mid-to-late 1970s. Taking the style of Frank Bellamy as his starting point, each cover featured a black-and-white stippled portrait of the Doctor surrounded by two key elements from the story, along with numerous stars, planets and comets. The books also retained the internal illustrations which had been used in the Muller hardback editions (by Arnold Schwartzman for *The Daleks*, John Wood for *The Zarbi* and Henry Fox for *The Crusaders*).

The launch of the new Target Books range took place on Tuesday 15 May 1973 at the Cadogan Hotel in Belgravia – the official publication date having been 13 days earlier, on 2 May. These were not co-incidental, as Henwood attached great numerological importance to dates: May 2 was his birthday and the number 15 has, in Henwood's words, "fortunate vibrations attached to it". Twelve books had been chosen to launch the list: *Doctor Who and the Daleks*; *Doctor Who and the Zarbi*; *Doctor Who and the Crusaders*, *The Nightmare Rally*, a film tie-in with the Disney production *Diamonds on Wheels*; *The Loner*, an adventure story featuring grizzly bears; *Ice King*, an adventure story featuring polar bears; plus non-fiction titles *Wings of Glory*, *Fishing*, *Investigating UFOs*, *Small Creatures in My Back Garden*, *The Pond on My Window Sill* and *Helen Keller's Teacher*.

Despite the long-term success of the *Doctor Who* range, critical acclaim had not been forthcoming upon the original publication of the first three books. Back in 1966, *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* had attracted negative comment from the *Times Literary Supplement*, which described it as "an undistinguished historical story . . . neither helped nor hindered by the intrusion of the ubiquitous Doctor and his young companions . . . a rather silly book." This view was revised by the *TLS* in 1974, when the same title was described as being "rather more sophisticated; the history is soundly researched, the sadism distinctly kinky."

This was mild compared to some more general remarks: "in expert adapting hands good written fiction can make satisfactory television material. The converse is seldom true. By the time it has undergone translation into book form the excellent ham of *Doctor Who* is more than a little off." They concluded with the view that "children who come to these books to renew past pleasures may find that the thrills have lost their urgency."

Despite this dismissive attitude, and confirming the enthusiasm shown by both Brian Miles and the company's sales reps, the *Doctor Who* titles were an enormous success. All three titles quickly sold out of their initial Target printings, estimated to be around 20,000 copies each; according to the Target catalogues for the time, they were reprinted in October/November 1973 and again in January/February 1974. The crowning glory was the appearance of *Doctor Who and the Daleks* at sixth place in WH Smith's top ten books chart on 20 July 1973.

Henwood recalls that the launch of the Target range was the proudest moment in his publishing career, and that "everybody who was anybody" in children's publishing came along, including company rivals and *The Times*' fastidious children's books editor, who felt that the *Doctor Who* books in particular would succeed – and, it seemed, even grudgingly wished them luck.

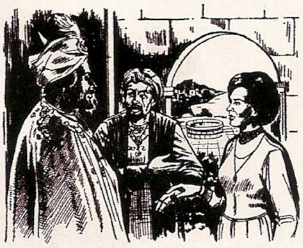
Doctor Who in print was back up and running after a break of some six years . . .

To be continued

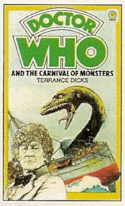
them on an attack on the citadel, during which the powerful intelligence within is destroyed. These similarities throw into sharp relief the poorer storytelling – there are no motives, flashbacks, or inner dialogues as Whitaker's first person gives way to Strutton's third, and the far stricter adherence to author's own teleplay shows how little extra creativity has gone in.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE CRUSADERS

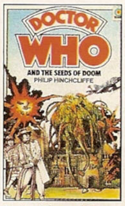
David Whitaker shows how to do it with *Doctor Who and the Crusaders*. An untelevised prologue sets forth his manifesto on time travellers changing history – they simply don't, and later on forces such as Fate, Destiny, and Divine Providence push events around like the chess pieces in the prologue. In realistic contrast to the evil and greed of the Daleks, or the Animus which drives the Zarbi, the big guys in 12th century Palestine are honourable, and it's stressed that King Richard and Saladin are equally noble and just.



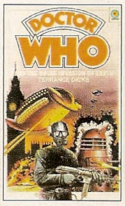
Not only that, but in one of many enjoyable asides, Whitaker observes that Christianity and Islam are two sides of the same coin – progressive stuff for a 1965 children's book, certainly helping calm the knee-jerk which sets in upon reading a term such as "negress". The real troublemakers here are the selfish middlemen, none more so than Emir El Akir; following an explanation of his ugly scar and uglier misogyny, the reader is left in no doubt as to the horrific indignities to be inflicted on Barbara beyond the flagellation and humiliation she endures in his harem. This book establishes what would become norms – Doctor Who becomes the Doctor early on and stays that way, and the reader is allowed inside everyone's head except his.



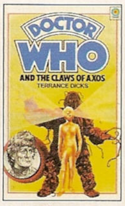
Doctor Who and the Carnival of Monsters
1/77 50p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



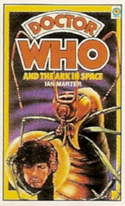
Doctor Who and the Seeds of Doom
2/77 50p
w Philip Hinchcliffe
a Chris Achilleos



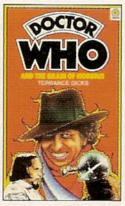
Doctor Who and the Dalek Invasion of Earth
3/77 50p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



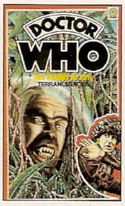
Doctor Who and the Claws of Axos
4/77 50p
w Terrance Dicks
a Chris Achilleos



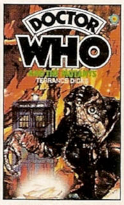
Doctor Who and the Ark in Space
5/77 60p
w Ian Marter
a Chris Achilleos



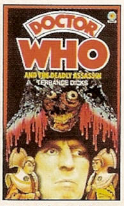
Doctor Who and the Brain of Morbius
6/77 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Mike Little



Doctor Who: The Planet of Evil
8/77 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Mike Little



Doctor Who and the Mutants
9/77 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Jeff Cummins



Doctor Who and the Deadly Assassin
10/77 60p
w Terrance Dicks
a Mike Little

THE TIME TEAM

Four viewers. 696 episodes. 297 hours. No escape.

Peter

Richard

Clayton

Jac

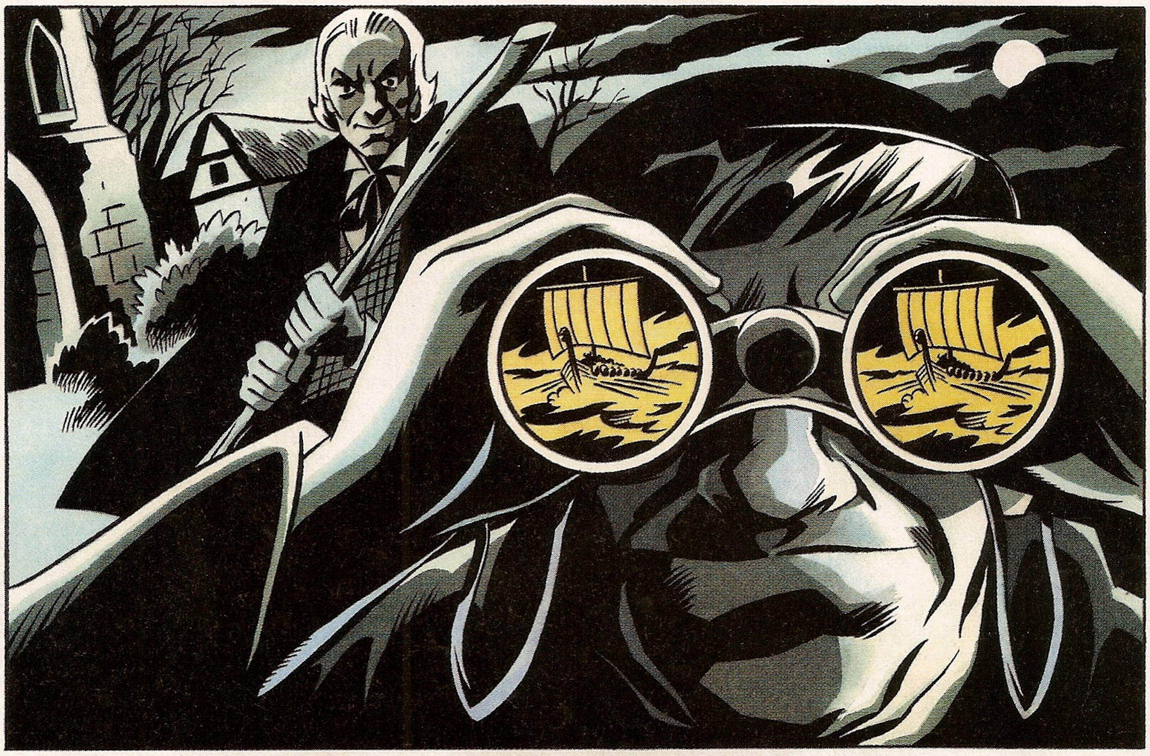


Illustration: Adrian Salmon

EPISODES 081 TO 088

Peter is rubbing his chin and nodding sagely. "The Monk *doesn't* call his 'time ship' a TARDIS," he observes. "Susan's acronym has yet to catch on amongst trans-dimensional folk, it seems . . ."

The gang are assembled at the Ware house for another eight instalments of rip-snorting adventure with Doctor Who and chums – only the first of which, *Checkmate*, aka *The Time Meddler* Part Four, will be experienced via the magic of television. So it's on with the motley – and Steven and Vicki have discovered all sorts of temporal jiggery-pokery recorded in the secret diary of the fiddlesome Monk, aged indeterminate and three-quarters. "At least the implications of changing history are being considered," notes Clay, "rather than the Doctor merely pronouncing that it can't be done – 'not one line!' Well, obviously it can, mate, or you wouldn't be trying to stop the Monk." He's also tickled by the villain's claim that it was he, rather than a bunch of old druids, who built Stonehenge: "It's hard not to sympathise with the Monk – he's so sweet! He might be a bit naughty, but his Stonehenge gag brought a heck of a lot of tourism to Salisbury and I'm sure he means well *really*. Given a choice between rattling around the universe with him or crusty old Doctor Who, I know who I'd choose."

At last, the plot is revealed: the Monk plans to wipe out the Viking fleet with neutron weapons, meaning that Harold's army will be fresh enough to defeat *les Français* at the Battle of Hastings. "I like how they touch on the moral issues of tampering with time," says Jac, "although I wish they'd gone further. The Monk claims he wants to improve things for everyone – he's not just 'meddling' – which he thinks is better than the Doctor's non-interference."

Soon enough, however, the Monk's business is arrested – and he's appalled to discover that the Doctor has removed the dimensional control from his time ship, making its interior too small for him to enter. Cue Monk head poking through doors into tiny model console room. "It's rather a nicely realised effect, this one," chuckles Richard.

The Monk undone, *Doctor Who*'s second season concludes with an oddly affecting sequence where the Doctor, Steven and Vicki's faces are superimposed over a field of stars. "It's a very downbeat ending, with the poor old Monk marooned," reckons Jac, "but the end title sequence is absolutely lovely."

But Peter's not satisfied. "Is that it? I feel a bit cheated that we never get to see the Battle of Hastings, or King Harold!"

We take our leave of Northumbria and shoot off to the far-flung reaches of *Galaxy 4*, where the TARDIS lands on a barren planet with (apparently) just *Four Hundred Dawns* of its life remaining. And enter – the Chumbleys. Jac squeals with pleasure as these spheroid robots jingle and twitter. "The most absolutely fabulous thing about this story is how Vicki invents a word, uses it to name the small robots, and then goes round muttering it for the entire time in what seems to be a subliminal way of getting everyone else to use it," she observes.

Richard tries to note how odd it is that the TARDIS crew can hear the Chumbley moving all round the outside of the ship from inside the console room – but all Jac wants to talk about is Chumbleys: "Chumbleys . . . Chumbleys," she mutters, like it's a mantra.

Ahem. Now enter – the Drahvins, micro-skirted Teutonic blondes with scary eyeshadow who've crashlanded on this empty planet. "The Drahvins must be the villains," goggles Peter as we shift, temporarily, to video for the story's brief surviving segment. "My mum once told me that women who dress up in skirts like that are *bad* girls . . ."

The Drahvins explain that the Chumbleys are the servants of the evil, as-yet-unseen Rills, who are also shipwrecked here. Clayton's perturbed. "Why is everyone so instantly suspicious? The Drahvins rescue the Doctor and his friends and then instantly find themselves accused of all sorts of things. They explain that the Rills have murdered one of their kind. What does the Doctor want to do? Go and say hello to the Rills straight away. It's very sloppy writing."

"I love the collapsing Chumbley," pipes up Jac. "It'd make a great toy. Does anyone know if there was any attempt to

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00099
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00028
One or more regulars incarcerated	00037

set up Chumbley merchandising?" The Team sigh in unison.

Onto the climax, where it's revealed that the planet's actual remaining lifespan is 200 times shorter than previously announced. "Simple but effective, this cliffhanger," says Richard. "A sudden realisation that time is very much of the essence. Very nice."

Tedium is setting in as episode two, *Trap of Steel*, resounds from Peter's hi-fi (that's hardware, not a panda). "It's just squabble after squabble," complains Clay, "filling in time until someone finds another excuse to wander onto the other set for five minutes. It's so small-scale it could have been filmed in somebody's garage."

Richard disagrees. "It's fairly obvious that the Drahvins aren't very pleasant, but the suspense over the Rills builds up nicely. Maaga calls them 'evil' and 'disgusting' and, as the Doctor and Vicki head toward the Rill ship, we've got no reason to believe otherwise." Meanwhile, Steven stays with the Drahvins: "Peter Purves really is far better than the material he's given here," reckons Clay, and everyone mutters their assent.

Jac's brow furrows when the Doctor claims, "I never kill anything." "Have we had such a definite moral stance from him before?" she asks. "I don't know," replies Richard, "but he seems to have forgotten that he was very willing to drop a large stone on a caveman's head not so long ago . . ."

Finally, the Doctor and Vicki enter the Rill ship. "That's the Dalek city background noise!" the Team exclaim, almost as one.

The Rills make their debut proper in part three, *Air Lock*. Richard's bowled over by their fruity tones: "Isn't Robert Cartland's voice superb here? A real cultured, Shakespearean monster voice! By the end of the first scene with the Rills, you know that they're not the baddies they've been made out to be."

Clayton confesses to how he's "really warming" to Drahvin leader Maaga. "She's like a frustrated matron, or Pauline from *The League of Gentlemen* – stuck in a ship with people she doesn't like and ordered to do silly things, like conquer space. The almost sexual thrill she gets from thinking about the demise of the Doctor, the Rills and the planet is a bit disturbing, though. I bet she was bullied at Space School!"

Jac is unimpressed, all told. "This is the closest *Doctor Who*'s got to *Star Trek*, or bad 1950s sci-fi movies. The very simplistic 'beautiful but bad' and 'ugly but good' thing is a bit off for a start, but in this episode it really begins to descend into cliché. We've got the 'Die? For their friends?' rubbish, Maaga suddenly deciding that the TARDIS crew are 'Earth creatures' – oh, ugh. Actually, the story would be bearable if it wasn't for the horrifically clunky and often ridiculous dialogue. That's where it really falls down."

> **'My mum once told me that women who dress in skirts that short are *bad* girls' *Peter***

To cap it all, Steven gets himself trapped in the titular *Air Lock* in the climax. "Oh how stupid!" shrieks Clay, slapping his forehead in disbelief. "Have they forgotten that Steven is a space pilot from the future so quickly? You'd think he'd know what a stupid hiding place an airlock is!"

The Exploding Planet is next, although Peter's terribly disappointed that the episode doesn't live up to the promise of its title. "There's no real sense that the planet is about to explode," he moans. "You'd expect a few more rumbles or earthquakes, surely?"

The ho-hum manner in which the Doctor saves the day – by connecting up a cable in the Rill ship, basically – proves a downer, too. "Not much plot to go around, is there?" complains Clayton. "It's all so on-the-nose, too. We're led to believe the Drahvins are bad and the Rills are good right from the very start – and that's exactly how it turns out. Great."

So, the Rills and the TARDIS depart the doomed planet, leaving the wicked Drahvins to their fate. "And the moral of the story? However warty you are, being nice to people will help you escape from exploding planets. A valuable lesson for us all," snorts Peter.

Jac's still puzzled. "*Galaxy 4* has to be the most ridiculous title," she muses. "It's named after a place where some people in the story came from. Like calling *Frontios* 'The Milky Way'!"

Mission to the Unknown is next up for the Team's perusal. A one-off with no Doctor – just a crashed rocket, an alien jungle, a Space Security Service agent and Daleks, moving in closer and closer. It's an ear-opener. "There's more excitement in the first four minutes than in the last four episodes," reckons Peter. Clay nods vigorously: "There's a very oppressive feeling about this episode, with those constant jungle noises and people actually behaving in an emotional way for a change. For the first time, the Daleks actually seem scary and very powerful as they silently glide through the jungle. I bet this scared the kids."

Richard notes that Malpha, one of the alien delegates gathered by the Daleks to cement a hellish alliance against our Solar System, sounds familiar: "That's Robert Cartland again, isn't it? They must have got him as a job lot!" The instalment continues to grip, until the Earthmen are either exterminated or transformed into monstrous Varga plants. The Team are hushed, sombre. "It's really quite surprising and nasty that all the good guys are killed by the end of the story," explains Jac. "We're not used to that . . ."

Plenty of questions are left unanswered about the Dalek threat when we return to the meanderings of the TARDIS in the next thrilling adventure, *The Myth Makers*. In *Temple of Secrets*, the Ship lands in Asia Minor – where two soldiers, Achilles and Hector, are busy attempting to hack one another to pieces. "Why on earth does the Doctor assume that it's safe to leave the TARDIS?" boggles Richard. "If you saw two warriors battling it out to the death, the last thing you'd want to do is wade into the middle of it all to ask where you are!"

Once the story gets into its stride, however – with the Doctor mistaken for the god Zeus – the Team are knocked out. "This is really jolly," enthuses Clay. "Loud and brash and surprisingly funny. It's played just as if it were a contemporary drama."

"All the dialogue is *fantastic*," emphasises Jac, "but the delivery is just as good. Achilles' 'Oh, but in your name,' is possibly my favourite line in the series so far! It's full of lovely little touches, like the Doc calling the TARDIS his 'travelling temple'."

"This is all jolly good stuff," grumbles Peter, "but where are the Daleks we were promised? We want Daleks! We want Daleks!"

As the story continues into *Small Prophet, Quick Return*, the companions are getting a share of the action – with Steven manipulating the vain Paris to take him into Troy as his prisoner, the better to rescue Vicki and the TARDIS. Clayton: "That fight between Steven and Paris is very funny indeed. And just add a couple of comedy clangs, Peter Glaze and an applauding scout troupe and you've basically got Crackerjack – only cleverer!"

"Crackerjack," mumbles Richard out of childhood obligation.

But now Peter's confessed to being drawn in – and it's not just by the comedy antics. "When Vicki was renamed 'Cressida' I felt a pang. Now we know that Troilus is around, a deep pit has opened in my stomach. Vicki's fate is sealed. Any viewer with an interest in mythology knows she'll be leaving us soon. Oh Vicki, Vicki – why couldn't Priam rename you 'Sharon' or 'Katarina' or something!"

And it's the fate of the young Dido escapee which is in the balance as the session draws to a close – where Vicki is denounced as a spy by mad seer Cassandra, and the title of the next part, *Death of a Spy*, is left hanging over the gang . . . DWM

AND YOU SAID . . .

Checkmate
"Must we have more of the dreary Vikings? I mean, who cares? All the viewers want is more wonderful bickering between those two old pros Hartnell and Peter Butterworth. That's the real joy of this story!" *Karen Tayler, Cambs*

Four Hundred Dawns
"The scene in which Maaga reduces her soldier to tears with her bullying is killingly funny, but completely at odds with the apparent intention to make women the stronger sex" *Rob Shearman, London*

The Exploding Planet
"I get the feeling that we're being preached a moral message here. And because the writer thinks we're a bit thick, he's giving us the message very slowly over four episodes!" *J Edwards, Glamorgan*

Mission to the Unknown
"This is really very engaging. I'm a sucker for these macho, guns-and-fighting stories. And with the Daleks closing in all the time, it's really tense stuff!" *Jason Spencer, Dorset*

Temple of Secrets
"Anyone who's read Homer's Iliad will realise how apt the Doctor's comment regarding the struggle between Achilles and Hector is: 'They're doing more talking than fighting!' And to describe the reason behind Cyclops having lost his tongue as 'He stammered on a knife' is wonderful!" *Kim Stevens, via e-mail*

Small Prophet, Quick Return
"And a big round of applause for that title, please!" *Toby Lindsay, Staffs*

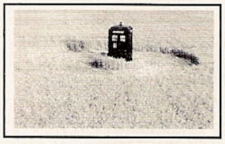
For **DWM** 293, we need your comments on *The Daleks' Master Plan* 7 to *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* 2. Mark them 'Time Team' and send them via the addresses on page six by 18 May.

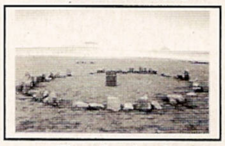
Set A

Beached

Adrift

Outpost


Harvest Time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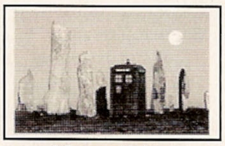
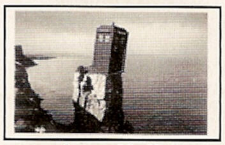
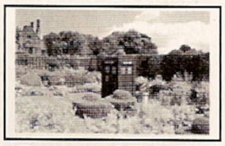
Set B

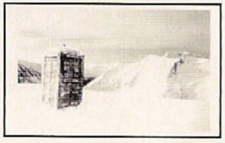
Highland

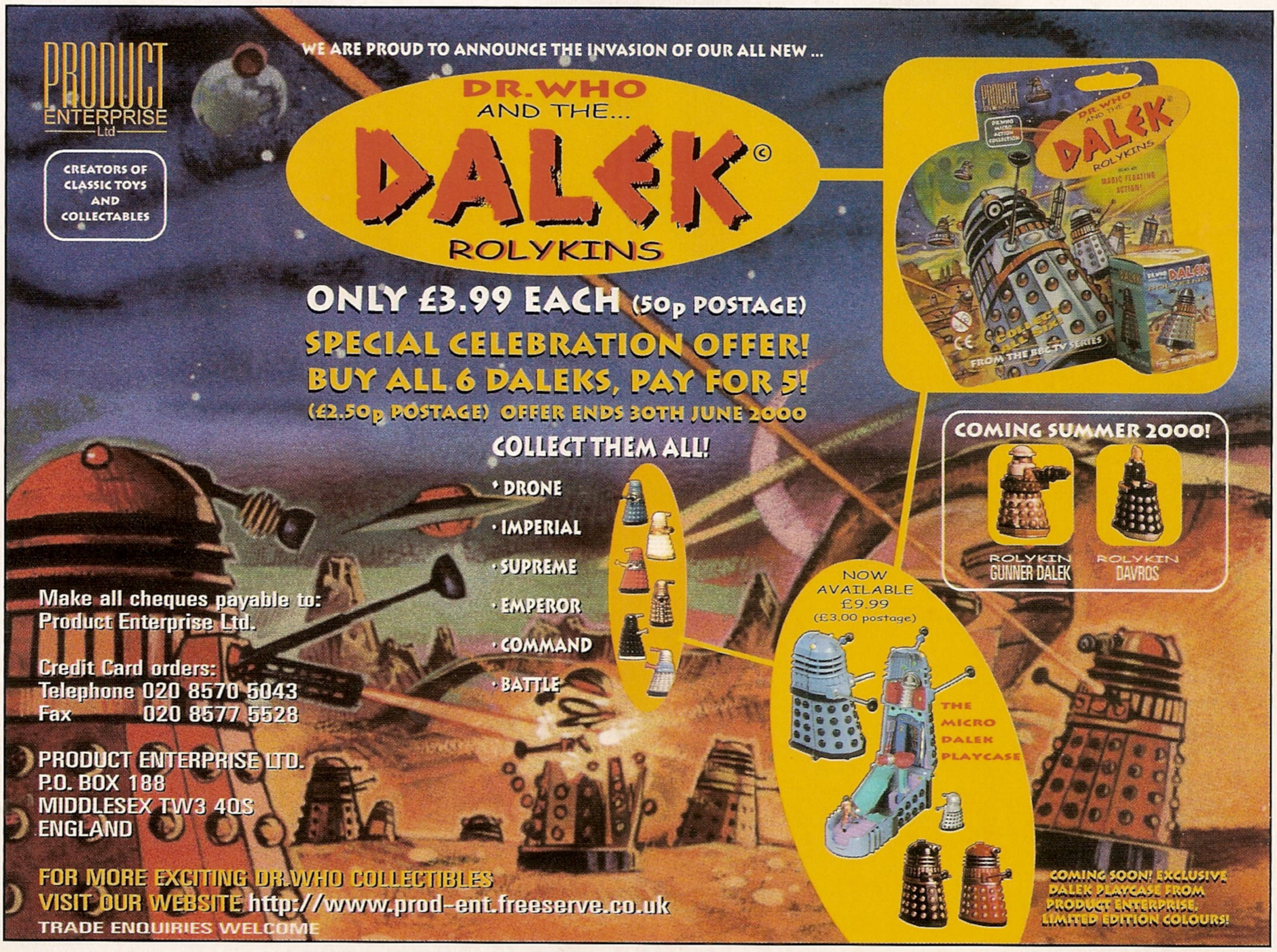

Monoliths


Landfall

Ruins of Time


Open to Visitors


Snowscape



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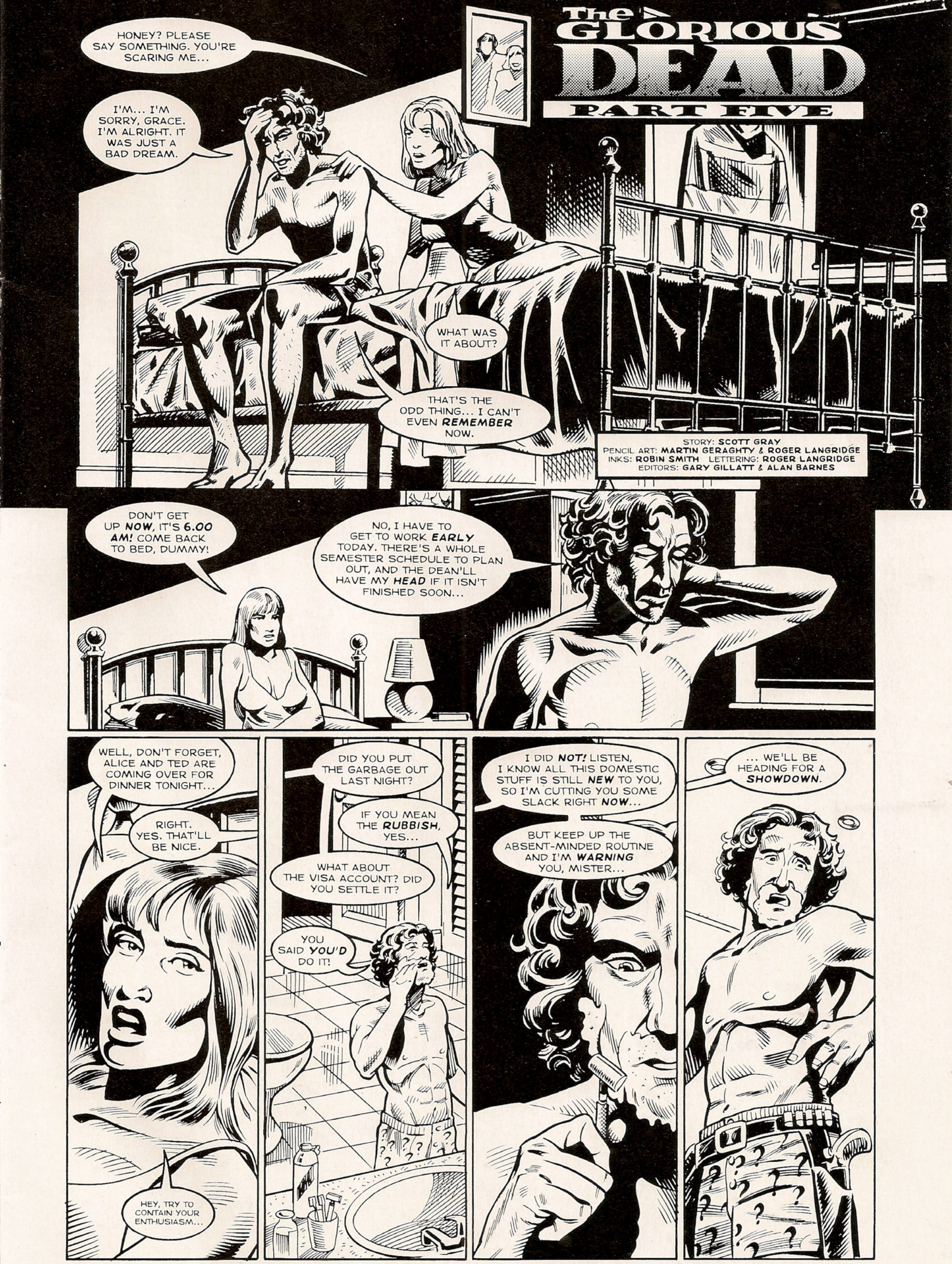
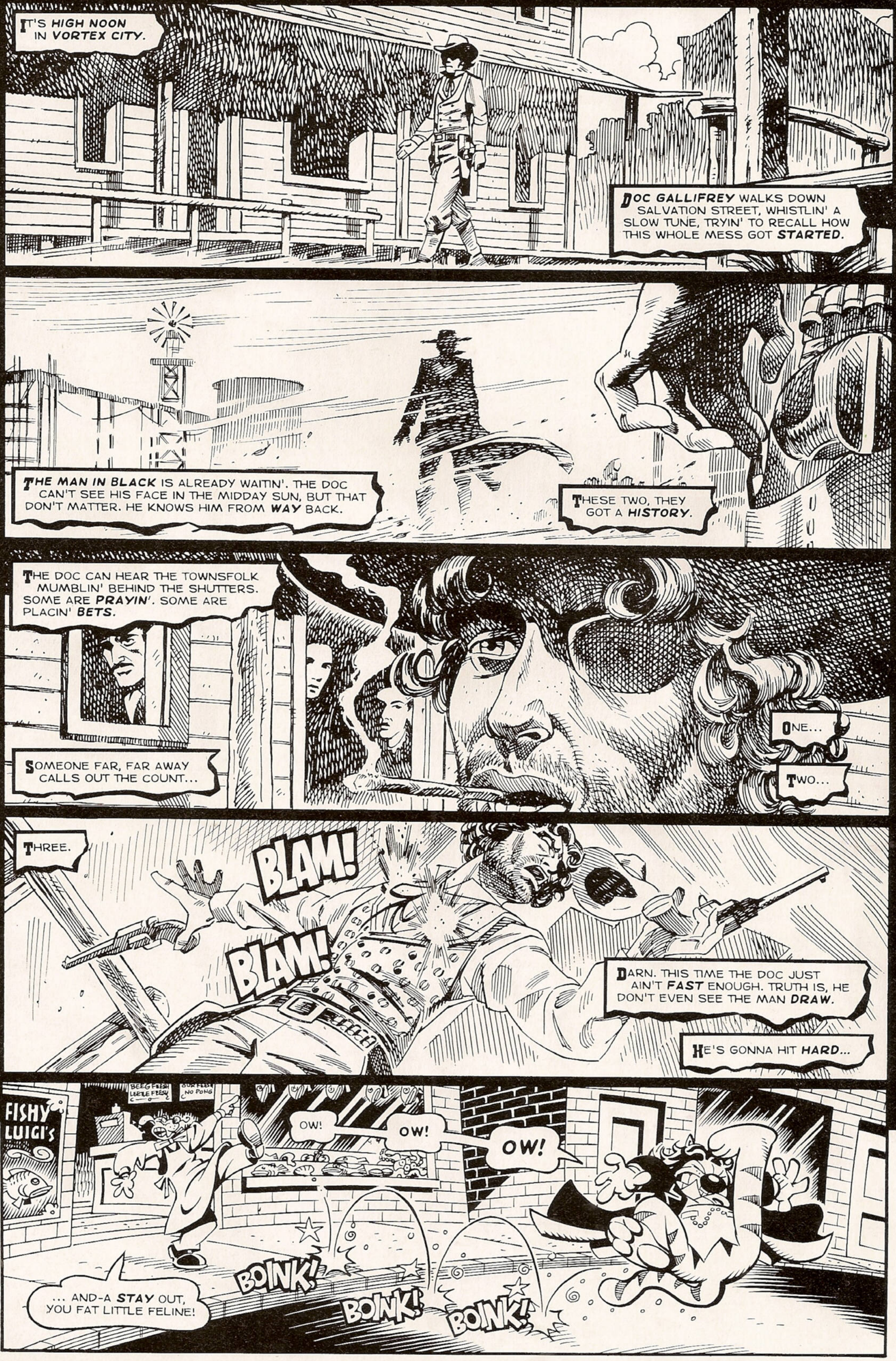
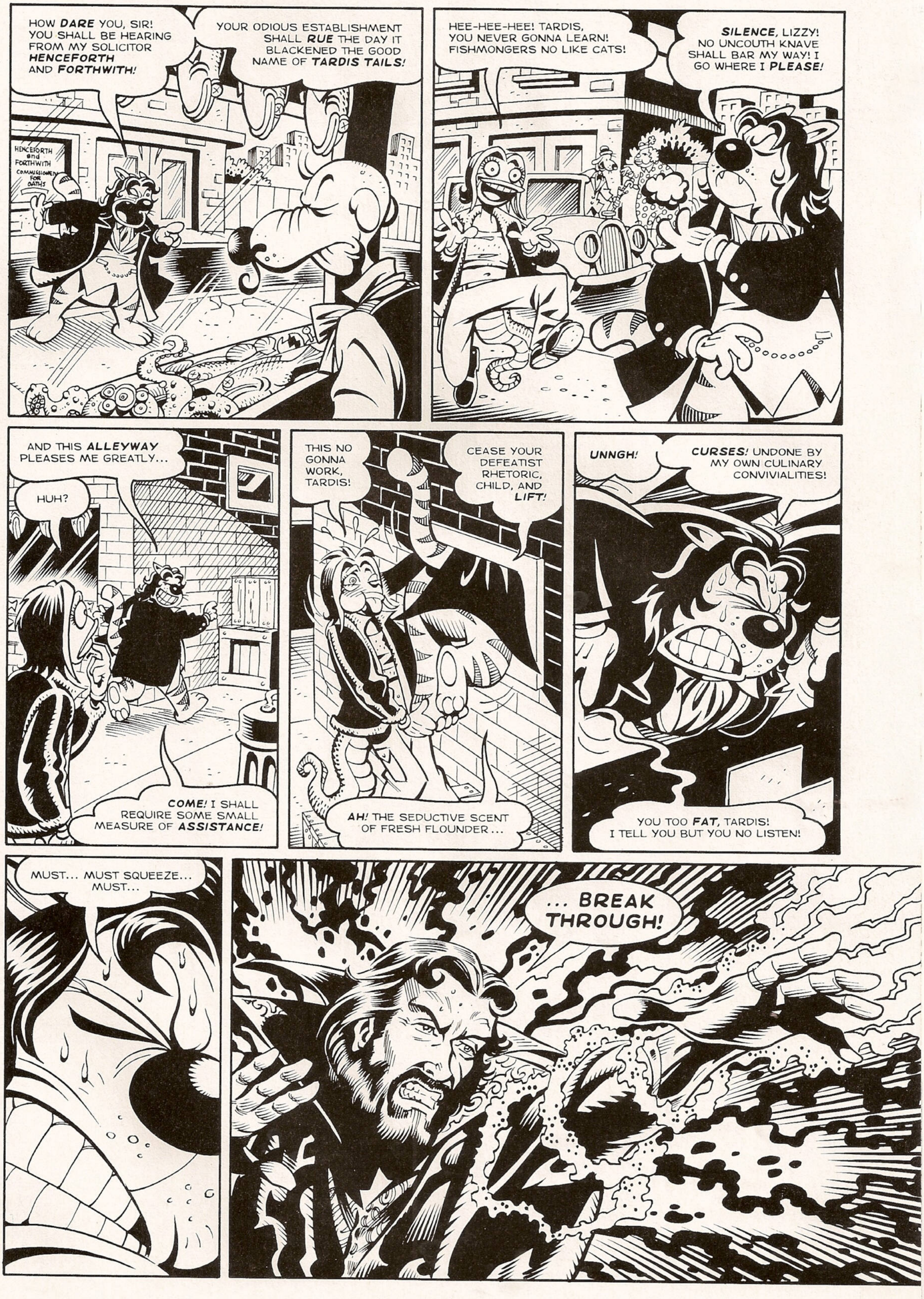
The GLORIOUS DEAD

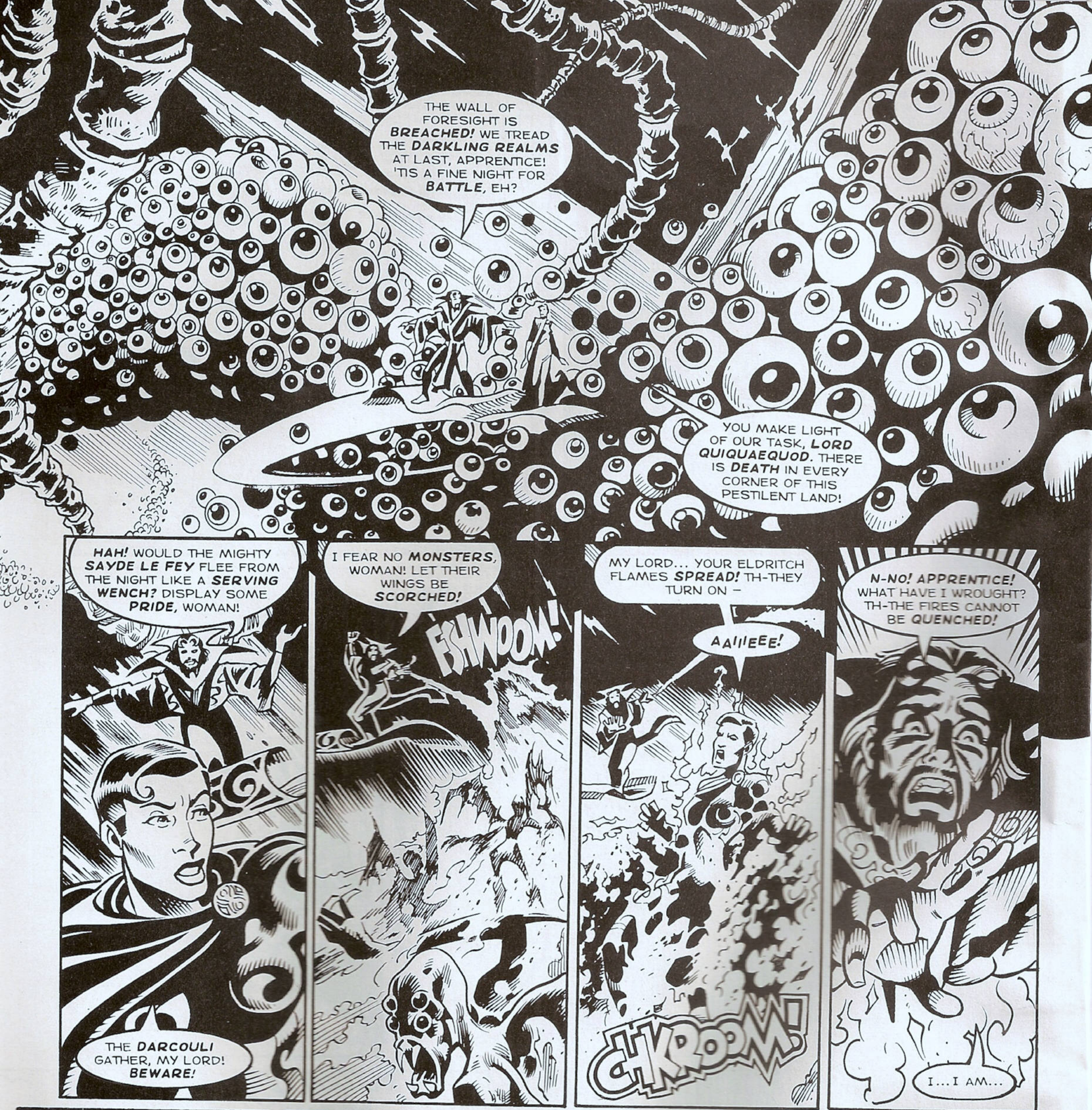
PART FIVE

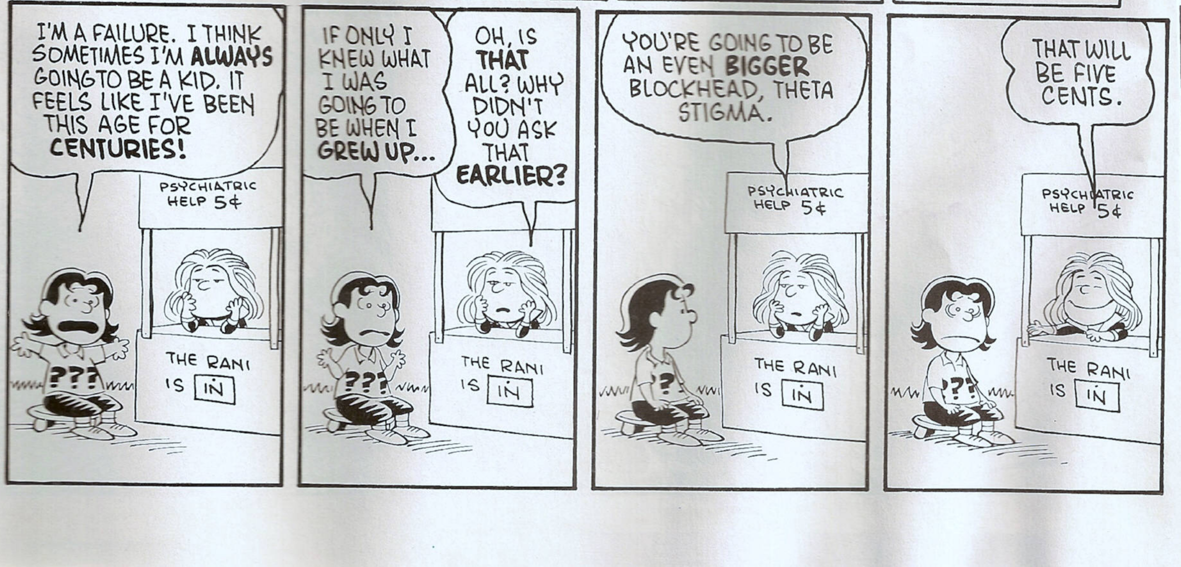
STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY & ROGER LANGRIDGE
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

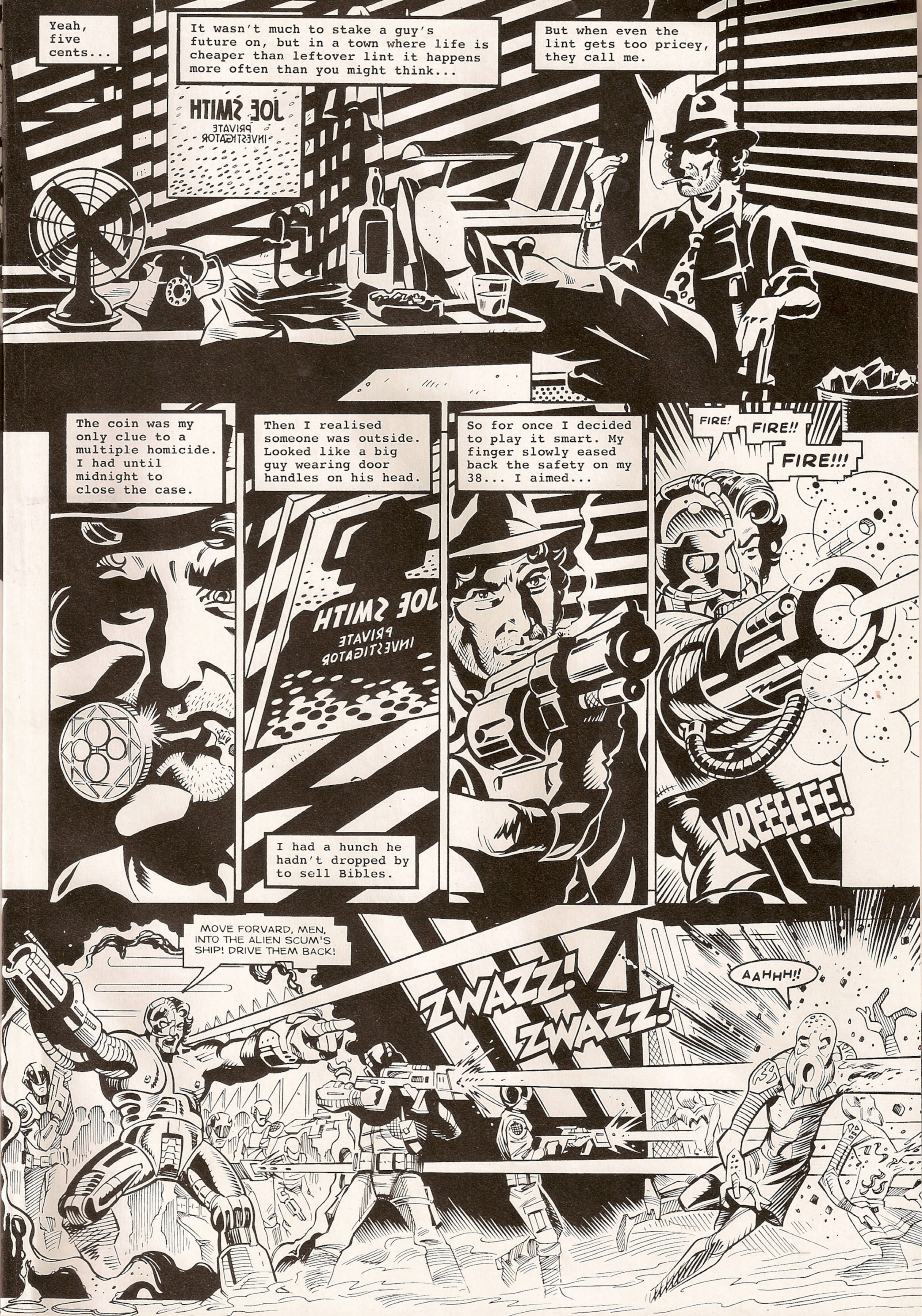

HONEY? PLEASE SAY SOMETHING. YOU'RE SCARING ME...
I'M... I'M SORRY, GRACE. I'M ALRIGHT. IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM.
WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?
THAT'S THE ODD THING... I CAN'T EVEN **REMEMBER** NOW.
DON'T GET UP **NOW**, IT'S **6.00 AM!** COME BACK TO BED, DUMMY!
NO, I HAVE TO GET TO WORK **EARLY** TODAY. THERE'S A WHOLE SEMESTER SCHEDULE TO PLAN OUT, AND THE DEAN'LL HAVE MY **HEAD** IF IT ISN'T FINISHED SOON...
WELL, DON'T FORGET, ALICE AND TED ARE COMING OVER FOR DINNER TONIGHT...
RIGHT. YES. THAT'LL BE NICE.
HEY, TRY TO CONTAIN YOUR ENTHUSIASM...
DID YOU PUT THE GARBAGE OUT LAST NIGHT?
IF YOU MEAN THE **RUBBISH**, YES...
WHAT ABOUT THE VISA ACCOUNT? DID YOU SETTLE IT?
YOU SAID **YOU'D** DO IT!
I DID **NOT!** LISTEN, I KNOW ALL THIS DOMESTIC STUFF IS STILL **NEW** TO YOU, SO I'M CUTTING YOU SOME SLACK RIGHT **NOW**...
BUT KEEP UP THE ABSENT-MINDED ROUTINE AND I'M **WARNING** YOU, MISTER...
... WE'LL BE HEADING FOR A **SHOWDOWN**.

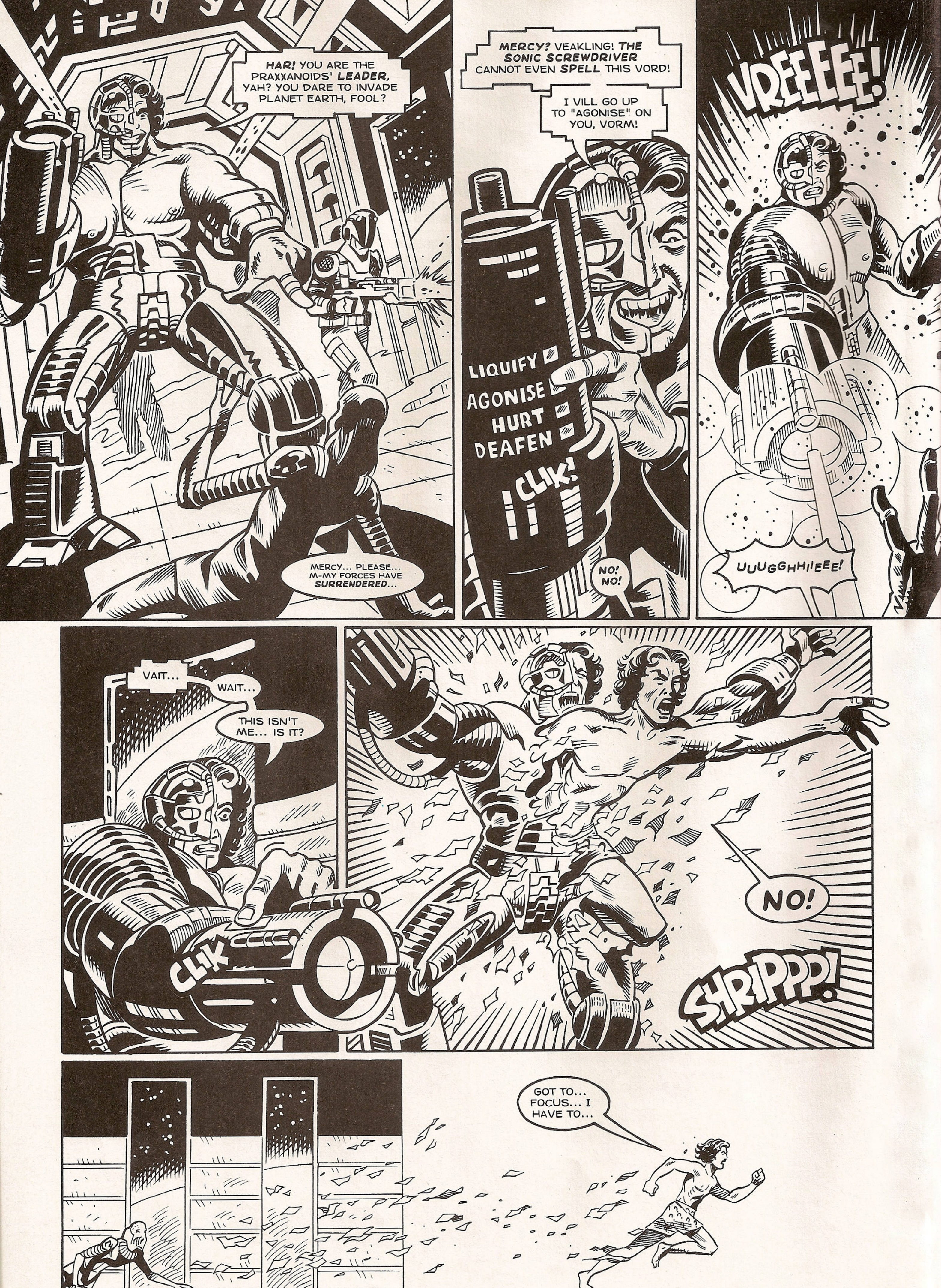

IT'S HIGH NOON IN VORTEX CITY.
DOC GALLIFREY WALKS DOWN SALVATION STREET, WHISTLIN' A SLOW TUNE, TRYIN' TO RECALL HOW THIS WHOLE MESS GOT STARTED.
THE MAN IN BLACK IS ALREADY WAITIN'. THE DOC CAN'T SEE HIS FACE IN THE MIDDAY SUN, BUT THAT DON'T MATTER. HE KNOWS HIM FROM WAY BACK.
THESE TWO, THEY GOT A HISTORY.
THE DOC CAN HEAR THE TOWNSFOLK MUMBLIN' BEHIND THE SHUTTERS. SOME ARE PRAYIN'. SOME ARE PLACIN' BETS.
SOMEONE FAR, FAR AWAY CALLS OUT THE COUNT...
ONE...
TWO...
THREE.
BLAM!
BLAM!
DARN. THIS TIME THE DOC JUST AIN'T FAST ENOUGH. TRUTH IS, HE DON'T EVEN SEE THE MAN DRAW.
HE'S GONNA HIT HARD...
FISHY LUIGI'S
BEEG FEESH LEETLE FEESH
OUR FEESH NO PONG
OW!
OW!
OW!
... AND-A STAY OUT, YOU FAT LITTLE FELINE!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BOINK!

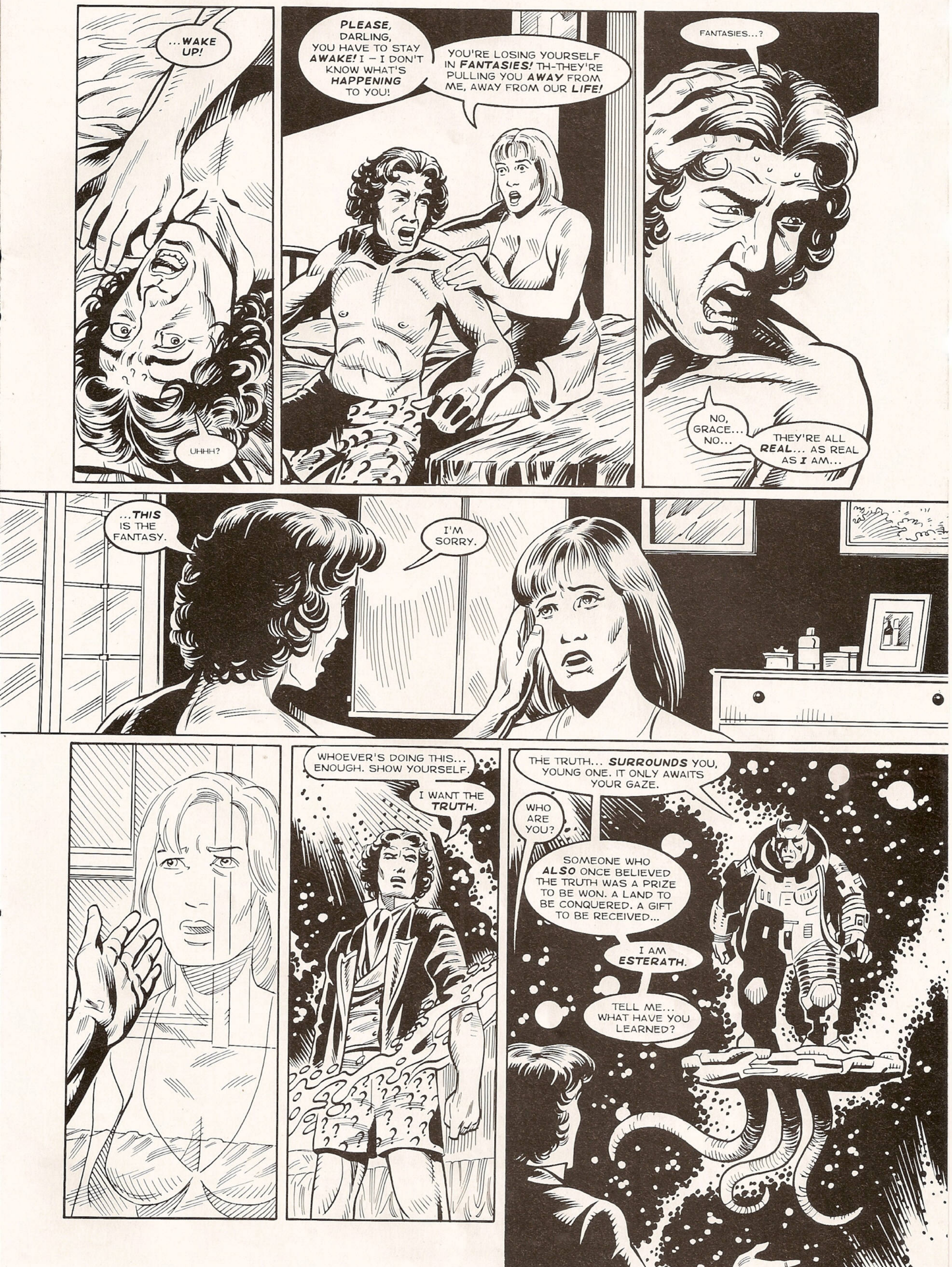

HOW **DARE** YOU, SIR! YOU SHALL BE HEARING FROM MY SOLICITOR **HENCEFORTH** AND **FORTHWITH**!
YOUR ODIOUS ESTABLISHMENT SHALL **RUE** THE DAY IT BLACKENED THE GOOD NAME OF **TARDIS TAILS**!
HENCEFORTH and FORTHWITH COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS
HEE-HEE-HEE! TARDIS, YOU NEVER GONNA LEARN! FISHMONGERS NO LIKE CATS!
SILENCE, LIZZY! NO UNCOUTH KNAVE SHALL BAR MY WAY! I GO WHERE I **PLEASE**!
AND THIS **ALLEYWAY** PLEASES ME GREATLY...
HUH?
COME! I SHALL REQUIRE SOME SMALL MEASURE OF **ASSISTANCE**!
THIS NO GONNA WORK, TARDIS!
CEASE YOUR DEFEATIST RHETORIC, CHILD, AND **LIFT**!
AH! THE SEDUCTIVE SCENT OF FRESH FLOUNDER...
UNNGH!
CURSES! UNDONE BY MY OWN CULINARY CONVIVIALITIES!
YOU TOO **FAT**, TARDIS! I TELL YOU BUT YOU NO LISTEN!
MUST... MUST SQUEEZE... MUST...
... BREAK THROUGH!

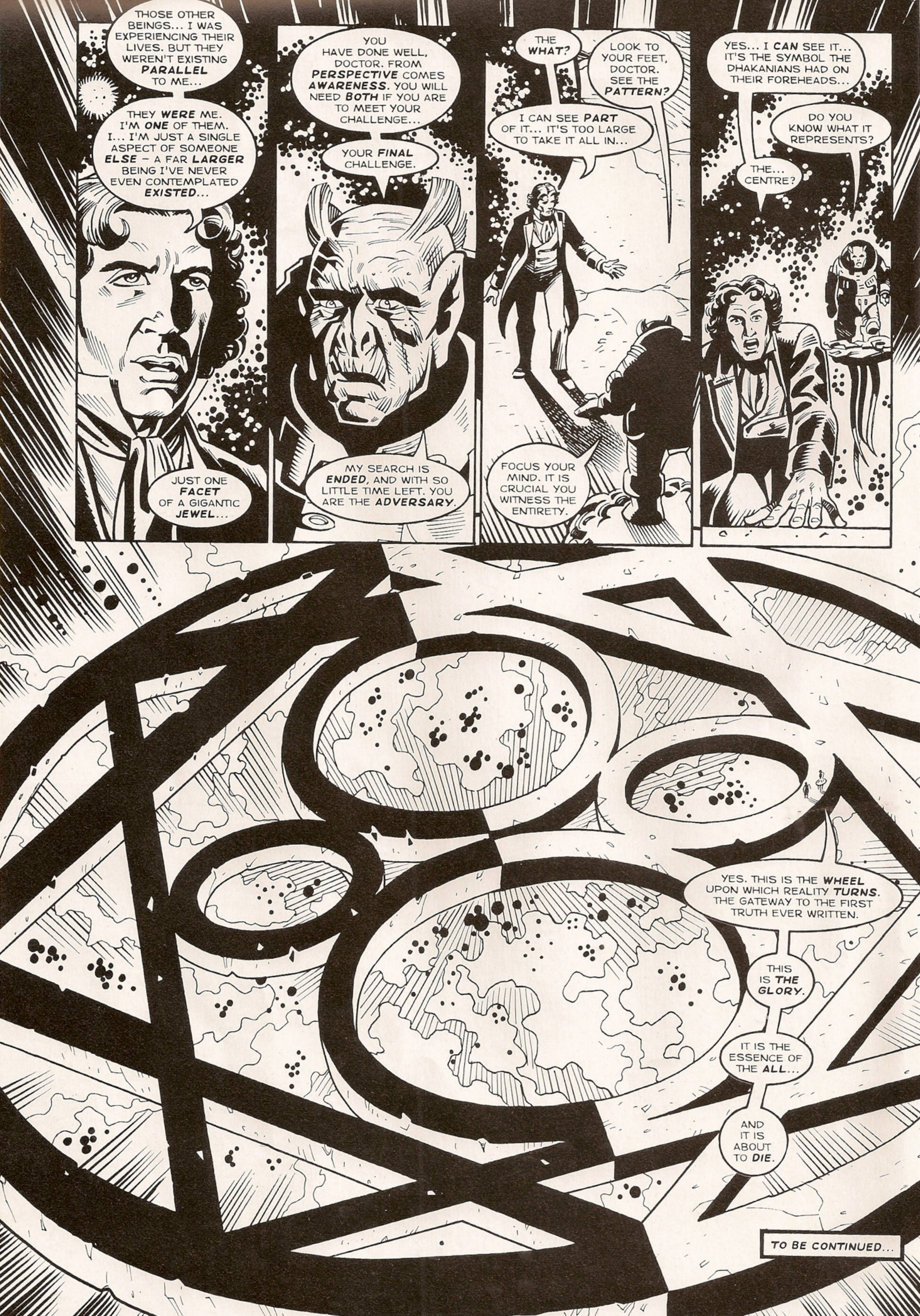

THE WALL OF FORESIGHT IS **BREACHED!** WE TREAD THE **DARKLING REALMS** AT LAST, APPRENTICE! 'TIS A FINE NIGHT FOR **BATTLE**, EH?
YOU MAKE LIGHT OF OUR TASK, **LORD QUIQUAEQUOD**. THERE IS **DEATH** IN EVERY CORNER OF THIS PESTILENT LAND!
HAH! WOULD THE MIGHTY **SAYDE LE FEY** FLEE FROM THE NIGHT LIKE A **SERVING WENCH?** DISPLAY SOME **PRIDE**, WOMAN!
THE **DARCOULI** GATHER, MY LORD! **BEWARE!**
I FEAR NO **MONSTERS**, WOMAN! LET THEIR WINGS BE **SCORCHED!**
FSHWOOM!
MY LORD... YOUR ELDRITCH FLAMES **SPREAD!** TH-THEY TURN ON –
AAIIEEE!
CHKROOM!
N-NO! APPRENTICE! WHAT HAVE I WROUGHT? TH-THE FIRES CANNOT BE **QUENCHED!**
I... I AM...


I'M A FAILURE. I THINK SOMETIMES I'M **ALWAYS** GOING TO BE A KID. IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN THIS AGE FOR **CENTURIES!**
PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢
THE RANI IS IN
???
IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT I WAS GOING TO BE WHEN I **GREW UP...**
OH, IS **THAT** ALL? WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK THAT **EARLIER?**
PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢
THE RANI IS IN
???
YOU'RE GOING TO BE AN EVEN **BIGGER** BLOCKHEAD, THETA STIGMA.
PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢
THE RANI IS IN
THAT WILL BE FIVE CENTS.
PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢
THE RANI IS IN


Yeah, five cents...
It wasn't much to stake a guy's future on, but in a town where life is cheaper than leftover lint it happens more often than you might think...
But when even the lint gets too pricey, they call me.
JOE SMITH PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
The coin was my only clue to a multiple homicide. I had until midnight to close the case.
Then I realised someone was outside. Looked like a big guy wearing door handles on his head.
JOE SMITH PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
I had a hunch he hadn't dropped by to sell Bibles.
So for once I decided to play it smart. My finger slowly eased back the safety on my 38... I aimed...
FIRE!
FIRE!!
FIRE!!!
VREEEEEE!
MOVE FORVARD, MEN, INTO THE ALIEN SCUM'S SHIP! DRIVE THEM BACK!
ZWAZZ!
ZWAZZ!
AAHHH!!


HAR! YOU ARE THE PRAXXANOIDS' LEADER, YAH? YOU DARE TO INVADE PLANET EARTH, FOOL?
MERCY... PLEASE... M-MY FORCES HAVE SURRENDERED...
MERCY? VEAKLING! THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER CANNOT EVEN SPELL THIS VORD!
I VILL GO UP TO "AGONISE" ON YOU, VORM!
LIQUIFY
AGONISE
HURT
DEAFEN
CLIK!
NO! NO!
VREEEEE!
UUUGGHHIIEEE!
VAIT...
WAIT...
THIS ISN'T ME... IS IT?
CLIK
NO!
SHRIPPP!
GOT TO... FOCUS... I HAVE TO...


...WAKE UP!
UHHH?
PLEASE, DARLING, YOU HAVE TO STAY AWAKE! I – I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU!
YOU'RE LOSING YOURSELF IN FANTASIES! TH-THEY'RE PULLING YOU AWAY FROM ME, AWAY FROM OUR LIFE!
FANTASIES...?
NO, GRACE... NO...
THEY'RE ALL REAL... AS REAL AS I AM...
...THIS IS THE FANTASY.
I'M SORRY.
WHOEVER'S DOING THIS... ENOUGH. SHOW YOURSELF.
I WANT THE TRUTH.
THE TRUTH... SURROUNDS YOU, YOUNG ONE. IT ONLY AWAITS YOUR GAZE.
WHO ARE YOU?
SOMEONE WHO ALSO ONCE BELIEVED THE TRUTH WAS A PRIZE TO BE WON. A LAND TO BE CONQUERED. A GIFT TO BE RECEIVED...
I AM ESTERATH.
TELL ME... WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED?


THOSE OTHER BEINGS... I WAS EXPERIENCING THEIR LIVES. BUT THEY WEREN'T EXISTING PARALLEL TO ME...
THEY WERE ME. I'M ONE OF THEM. I... I'M JUST A SINGLE ASPECT OF SOMEONE ELSE – A FAR LARGER BEING I'VE NEVER EVEN CONTEMPLATED EXISTED...
JUST ONE FACET OF A GIGANTIC JEWEL...
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, DOCTOR. FROM PERSPECTIVE COMES AWARENESS. YOU WILL NEED BOTH IF YOU ARE TO MEET YOUR CHALLENGE...
YOUR FINAL CHALLENGE.
MY SEARCH IS ENDED, AND WITH SO LITTLE TIME LEFT. YOU ARE THE ADVERSARY.
LOOK TO YOUR FEET, DOCTOR. SEE THE PATTERN?
THE WHAT?
I CAN SEE PART OF IT... IT'S TOO LARGE TO TAKE IT ALL IN...
FOCUS YOUR MIND. IT IS CRUCIAL YOU WITNESS THE ENTIRETY.
YES... I CAN SEE IT... IT'S THE SYMBOL THE DHAKANIANS HAD ON THEIR FOREHEADS...
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT REPRESENTS?
THE... CENTRE?
YES. THIS IS THE WHEEL UPON WHICH REALITY TURNS. THE GATEWAY TO THE FIRST TRUTH EVER WRITTEN.
THIS IS THE GLORY.
IT IS THE ESSENCE OF THE ALL...
AND IT IS ABOUT TO DIE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

Trigger happy: Johnny Ringo (Laurence Payne) and Dodo (Jackie Lane) in *The Gunfighters*

Donald Cotton 1928-2000

Donald Cotton died in January, aged 71. Andrew Pixley pays tribute to the writer responsible for two of the series' wisest and wittiest historical adventures . . .

Unlike most of the other writers working on *Doctor Who* in the mid-1960s – seasoned veterans who'd honed their skills on slick ITC adventure series, Gerry Anderson puppet shows and even sitcoms – Donald Cotton had never before written a full television script when he was commissioned to write the first of his two serials starring William Hartnell's First Doctor. In fact, Cotton's background was every bit as wayward and idiosyncratic as those two stories, *The Myth Makers* and *The Gunfighters*.

Born on 26 April 1928, Donald Henry Cotton chose to give up his zoological studies at University College, Nottingham in favour of an acting career. He was tutored at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and featured in several seasons at the Nottingham Playhouse, the Pitlochry Festival Theatre and later racked up seven years at the Theatre Royal, Northampton. Early into his actor's life, he wrote and produced *Pandarus*, a musical version of the tale of Troilus and Cressida – a story to which he'd eventually return. He developed his talents as a lyricist with another piece, *The Salvation of Faust* – which, with a score by Loudon Merry, was first performed in London in the early 1950s.

Having enjoyed considerable success by directing, producing and narrating Stravinsky's *L'histoire du soldat*, Cotton went on to write *The Merry Christmas*, a musical version of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, which aired on ITV in 1955, plus a Sweeney Todd-themed musical, *The Demon Barber*, which ran at the Lyric, Hammersmith in 1959. That same year, his first radio play, *Echo and Narcissus*, was broadcast on the BBC Third Programme, and he went on to author a string of experimental plays based on the classics.

Early in 1965, Cotton was invited to write for *Doctor Who* by newly-arrived script editor Donald Tosh, formerly a fellow Guildhall student. It was an injection of a totally new style of writing from out of left field. In his first set of scripts, *The Myth Makers*, Cotton revisited the legends of the Trojan War in a style which, 17 years later, might have been compared to *The Black Adder*. The narrative was plucked from the classical tomes studied by every grammar school child of the period – but Cotton grafted contemporaneous stereotypes onto the characters populating the age-old story of the Horse: the vain but cowardly Paris, brave enough only to capture blue boxes that are incapable of fighting back; religious fanatic Cassandra, scheming and insecure; Trojan king Priam, who forsakes his court for a few hours' peace spent in his own dungeons; Odysseus, who chuckles when the rude-sounding term "catapults" is added to his vocabulary; Menelaus, a dipsomaniac who doesn't actually want to be reunited with his captive wife Helen at all; and Achilles, who drags the Doctor into the legend by mistaking him for Old Father Zeus.

In many respects, the TARDIS crew come off least well in Cotton's stories; the author creates a set of guest characters so strong and involving it's rather like the Doctor and friends have crossed over into four episodes of another series entirely. In his second serial, *The Gunfighters*, Cotton crafted a typical Western of the sort common to BBC and ITV schedules at the time. So what if the protagonists taking part in the infamous shootout at the OK Corral were the same sort of grotesques with which Cotton had populated his Troy? His slow-talkin' bible-thumper Wyatt Earp, his seedy womaniser Johnny Ringo and his slippery gambler Doc Holliday were a long way removed from the interpretations seen in innumerable film versions of the shootout. Cotton also allowed his lyrical talents to run riot in a witty send-up of Western balladry with a verse lamenting the death of weasley barman Charlie.

Infamously, less-than-positive audience reaction to *The Gunfighters* sealed Donald's fate on the show – although he would later author mould-breaking Target novelisations of both his own stories, plus Dennis Spooner's *The Romans*. And, sadly, his only other television work would be 9 minutes 11 seconds of the first episode of *Adam Adamant Lives!* – a biting satire aimed at those who romanticised the morals and values of the Edwardian age.

Well-read and witty, Cotton's two *Doctor Whos* have been somewhat marginalised by fandom: *The Myth Makers* because it's been long since wiped, existing only as a pirated soundtrack and a handful of photographs; *The Gunfighters* because, cruelly, its low ratings have earned it an entirely unjust reputation as among the worst stories of all time.

There are plenty of us, however, who know better.

Thanks, Donald. DWM

Photos: BBC (2)

Ride 'em, cowboys: *The Gunfighter*

Dress for success! Keep a cool head! Charm your way to the top! Avoid becoming the unwitting stooge of a formless alien entity hellbent on conquest of the Earth! Just some of the many titbits of everyday, practical advice to be gleaned from the Third Doctor's adventures, claims Gareth Roberts . . .

SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE

That morning Liz Shaw woke up in her Cambridge digs with nothing on her mind more than getting down to some serious research into meteorites, 'astro-science' or one of her dozen other specialities. She was dragged to UNIT HQ without so much as a by-your-leave. So why did she go to her lab in a plastic-inlaid housecoat and matching skirt, immaculately up-coiffed hair with flyaway ringlets and heavy mascara? Bet she was wearing clean knickers too.

Moral

Look good in the morning. It may seem like any other day, but you never know where you might end up

THE SILURIANS

The Silurians' big flaw was not their refusal to acknowledge they had been replaced as the dominant species of Earth. Their big mistake was to over-react in the first place. If they'd kept calm and just ignored the arrival of the moon in Earth's orbit, they'd have been fine. You can just imagine a Silurian version of the *Daily Mail* with the headline "ASTEROID PANIC – SHOULDN'T WE BE HIBERNATING, MR OKDEL?"

Moral

Don't get in a tizzy

THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH

We, the audience, know five minutes into Episode 1 that General Carrington is the villain of this story. But his 'umasking' as the villain in Episode 7 is written and directed to come as a shocking surprise. It's a bit like Churchill striding into the Berlin bunker in April 1945 and saying, "Hitler! I should have known it was you all along!"

Moral

Twists are important

INFERNO

Most of *Inferno* takes place in a parallel universe where a right-wing Republican coup has toppled the monarchy and established a Fascist state which governs with a callous disregard for individual freedoms – and where the alternative Liz Shaw has curled her hair. It's reassuring to know that heated rollers are available in this harsh parallel world.

Moral

Don't worry too much about your personal appearance. In an alternative universe, you have a mullet

TERROR OF THE AUTONS

In which the Master hatches a devilish plan to cause chaos using death-spitting plastic daffodils. Why? Because he knew he could rely on the natives of 1970s Britain to display execrable taste in their home furnishings. It's a little-known fact that the Master's contingency plan to conquer the Earth was

erything I ever needed to know about life I learned from the Pertwee era

to use deadly fondue sets . . . and if that failed, deadly wicker chairs . . . and if that failed, deadly bead curtains . . . and if *that* failed, deadly Peters & Lee LPs.

Moral

Be careful what you buy

THE MIND OF EVIL

We learn that there's an alien parasite inside the Keller Machine which absorbs and stores the evil from people's minds. But we never learn where it comes from. Imagine its home planet – a world where evil is so abundant that an entire species can live off it. Or perhaps different parasites feed off different emotions? If only the Master had installed a parasite which fed off people being patronising. The Doctor wouldn't have stood a chance. And we would have been spared the revelation that our hero counts Koquillion, the War Machines and the Zarbi among his most terrifying foes.

Moral

Pick the right tool for the job

THE CLAWS OF AXOS

A few weeks ago the Master did a deal with the Nestenes – a formless alien intelligence which wanted to absorb all life on Earth – and, almost too late, realised that his so-called allies were using him as their stooge to gain a foothold on the planet, and would dispose of him when his usefulness was at an end. He was forced to ally himself with the Doctor to repel the invasion. In this story he does a deal with Axos – a formless alien intelligence which wants to absorb all life on Earth – and, almost too late, realises that his so-called allies are using him as their stooge to gain a foothold on the planet, and will dispose of him when his usefulness is at an end. He's forced to ally himself with the Doctor to repel the invasion.

Moral

Some people never learn from their mistakes

THE DÆMONS

A few weeks ago the Master did a deal with the Nestenes – a formless alien intelligence which wanted to absorb all life on Earth – and, almost too late, realised that his so-called allies were using him as their stooge to gain a foothold on the planet, and would dispose of him when his usefulness was at an end. He was forced to ally himself with the Doctor to repel the invasion. A little after that he did a deal with Axos – a formless alien intelligence which wants to absorb all life on Earth – and, almost too late, realises that his so-called allies are using him as their stooge to gain a foothold on the planet, and will dispose of him when his usefulness is at an end. He's forced to ally himself with the Doctor to repel the invasion. In *this* story he does a deal with Azal – a formless alien intelligence which wants to destroy all life on Earth – and, almost too late, realises that his so-called ally is using him as his stooge to gain a foothold on the planet, and will dispose of him when his usefulness is at an end. He's forced to ally himself with the Doctor to repel the invasion.

Moral

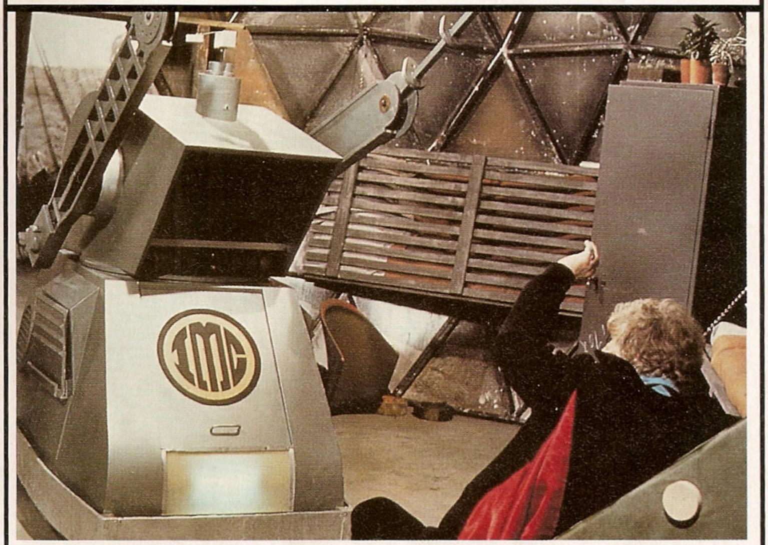
This is getting silly

COLONY IN SPACE

When the Doctor called for their help in defeating the War Lords, the Time Lords descended in their hundreds, using all their fearsome powers to thwart the War Lords' plan to form a huge army using battle-hardened Earth soldiers; they wiped the War Lord from existence, and time-looped his planet. They rewarded the Doctor by wiping his memory and exiling him to a primitive world. When the Master swipes a file on the universe-threatening Doomsday Weapon from under their noses, how do the Time Lords react? Not fussed, they just send the Doctor after him to have a rather insipid adventure.

Moral

Let the punishment fit the crime



DAY OF THE DALEKS

In which the Doctor saves the Earth from a terrifying parallel future where human beings are made to look up to the Ogrons – low-browed hair-covered aliens in plastic coveralls who are incapable of original thought. And delivered us free to a future where we came to appreciate Oasis.

Moral

Why bother?

THE CURSE OF PELADON

It's said that Brian Hayles conceived this story as an allegory for Britain's entry into the Common Market in the early 1970s. But Peladon could be the UK today. That makes King Peladon Tony Blair; Torbis, Peter Mandelson; Hepesh is William Hague; the Galactic Federation is the EU; Alpha Centauri is Romano Prodi; the Ice Warriors are the Germans; Arcturus is Saddam Hussein; and presumably Grun, the King's warrior, is John Prescott. The Doctor and Jo are, of course, Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen and Charlie Dimmock – the eccentric strangers who arrive, sort everything out, and leave as mysteriously as they appeared . . .

Moral

The more things change, the more they stay the same

THE SEA DEVILS

In which the Sea Devils do a deal with the Master – an evil alien who wants to destroy all life on Earth – and, almost too late, realise that their so-called ally is using them as his stooge to gain a foothold on the planet, and will dispose of them when their usefulness is at an end. They are forced to ally themselves with the Doctor to repel the Master.

Moral

You can – eventually – learn from your mistakes

THE TIME MONSTER

In which the Master tries to turn the situation in Atlantis to his advantage by flirting with the well-proportioned Queen Galleia. It makes you wonder why he didn't try this tactic in previous hot spots? A candlelit dinner with the Axon Woman might have won Axos round; gazing deep into the eyes of the Chief Sea Devil might have assured his co-operation; and, of course, he could have walked away with the Doomsday Weapon if he'd have serenaded Jo instead of trying to gas her.

Moral

Use all the charms you possess

THE THREE DOCTORS

Imagine what would happen if Time Lord technology was available to the Earth entertainment industry: *The Three Madonnas*, by Bob Baker and Dave Martin. "So you're what I have become," mused the crotchety lacy-gloved first incarnation of the singer/actress, "a cone-breasted peroxide harlot and a reinvented post-techno earth mother?"

Moral

People change. A lot

CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS

It's no wonder Vorg won the Scope from a Wallarian in a game. Just imagine the hours of fun you'd have watching one Ogron move from side to side, a Cyberman sway menacingly, some very dull people

THE MUTANTS

The Time Lords must really have got it in for the Doctor. Surely all they need to do is send the box which explains and ends the plot directly to Ky? But no. They reckon the Doctor could do it better. Of course, if they had done this, we would have been robbed of six weeks of gripping adventure on the planet Solos.

Moral

Do the simple thing. Please

getting ready for dinner, and two sock puppets fighting in the fog. If you were going to kidnap aliens from the *Doctor Who* universe, wouldn't you go for something a bit more exciting?

Moral

Entertain, if you say you're going to

PLANET OF THE DALEKS

Moral

The greatest moral this story tells us is that it really isn't a good idea to moralise

THE GREEN DEATH

In which Jo Grant overcomes her fear of long, slimy, sticky things, and leaves the Doctor to marry Professor Jones. She also kills some giant maggots.

Moral

There's someone for everyone

THE TIME WARRIOR

A grim warning of the dangers of the student house-share in which Linx, the studious nerd, is billeted with Irongron, the rowdy jock. It's the pseudo-historical answer to *This Life*.

Moral

Stick to your own kind

INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS

'Operation: Golden Age' was Professor Whitaker's dastardly attempt to turn back time to the dinosaur age and start the human race again properly. We must all realise that even if we had a Timescoop, it might not be a good idea to roll back time to our personal heyday. Perhaps you were happiest in the summer of 1991 – but it would be wrong to inflict the Russian mini-coup, Bombalurina and tie-dyed T-shirts on the rest of humanity again.

Moral

You've got to move on

THE MONSTER OF PELADON

. . . and Queen Thalira is Geri; and Chancellor Ortron is Gordon Brown; and miners' leader Gebek is Lolly; and Ice Lord Azaxyr is obviously, er . . .

Moral

Don't start an analogy you can't finish

PLANET OF THE SPIDERS

Doctor Who villains have various motivations. Davros was embittered by his physical condition, causing him to create a race of beings to carry out his destructive urges. The Master despised the Time Lords for not using their powers to rule the universe. The Cybermen want the universe to bend to the law of their logic. In this story, Lupton plans to take control of the universe by allying himself with the mutated minds of a cruel race of giant spiders. Why? Because he was sacked from his job as an insurance salesman.

Moral

Don't let that bitterness fester

DWM

FRONTIER IN SPACE

In which the Master plans to use a hypnotic device to make humans and Draconians see each other instead of Ogrons, sparking off a galactic war and weakening the galaxy so that his allies the Daleks can invade and conquer. It makes total sense. So what does he do? He arrests the Doctor and Jo for evading space tax and non-payment of space fines, thus dragging them right into his plot, giving the game away, and ruining the whole project.

Moral

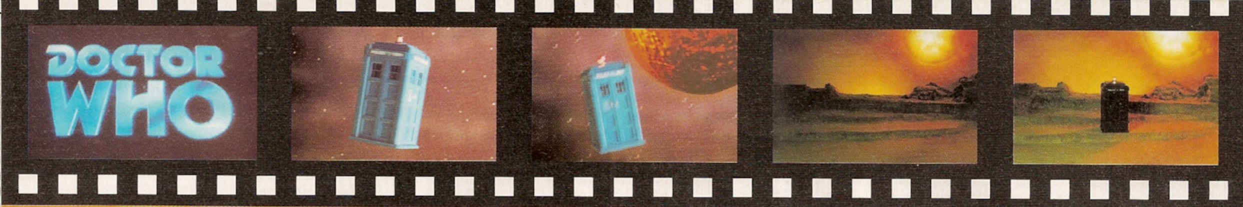
Revenge isn't worth it

DEATH TO THE DALEKS

The Exxilons were once masters of the universe – they travelled from planet to planet, forever spreading the influences of their culture. And, like many *Doctor Who* monsters, they think the best way to guard their most dangerous and impressive secrets is through maze games and puzzles. We on Earth have the Exxilons to thank for pyramids, irrigation – and, of course, the popular range of Logical Puzzler magazines.

Moral

There are good and bad influences



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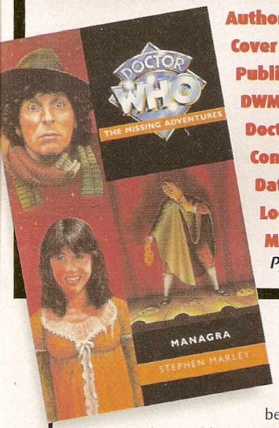
MANAGRA

compiled by **Matt Wicks**



Author Stephen Marley
Cover artwork Paul Campbell
Publication September 1995
DWM review 230
Doctor The Fourth
Companions Sarah Jane Smith
Dates 29 June 1613 and 2 to 7 January 3278
Location Earth (London and Europa)
Mind the gap Occurs between *Planet of Evil* and *Pyramids of Mars*

The plot in 25 words Sarah auditions for *Baywatch*, becomes an altar boy and has a tangerine dream. The Doctor does a lot of declaiming and gets a broken heart.

Old friends Shakespeare (in the *Prologue*).

New friends Miles Dashing (a dashing vampire-hunting Earl), the devilish mask of Managra and a host of Reprises (clones) including Byron, Mary Shelley and Cardinal Richelieu.

Other voyages The Doctor has met the real Byron (who he knows rather well), plus Percy Shelley, Rodrigo Borgia and Torquemada (the latter once in Toledo and once upon his death in Avila). He refers to events in *The Empire of Glass*, commenting that he only had one heart at the time. The Doctor once spent some considerable time in the 17th century, witnessing the horrors that Countess Bathory, Edward Kelley and Francis Pearson performed in Prague in 1610. Having attended Bathory's trial in 1611, he then followed Pearson to London in 1613, where he saw him burning down the Globe Theatre and running from the scene; following the loss of the theatre, he wrote Shakespeare a letter of encouragement (this all seems to have occurred at some time when he had dropped Sarah off at the Isle of Skye). He also claims to have once been buried alive in a sarcophagus.

> **'This Doctor is more subdued than his television counterpart – rarely joking, communicating mostly in Shakespeare quotes'** *Shelf Life, DWM 230*

Along for the ride Sarah visited the Sistine Chapel on a tour in 1971. She was born in South Croydon, where she went to school until the day her parents were killed in a car crash; she was then taken in by Aunt Lavinia in Moreton Harwood (*K9 and Company*), moving back to Croydon when she was older. She has a thing about Michael York. She knows of the Master (see Marc Platt's *The Duke of Dominoes* in the anthology *Decalog*). As a child, she once got stuck inside an abandoned fridge.

Rough guide On Gallifrey, there was a cult which performed a form of prohibited theatre known as Mimesis which culminated in the festival of Thirteenth Night. It probably originated when the Mimic (a creature with no intelligence of its own, which copied all it saw and heard) came to Gallifrey. The Mimic was defeated by Rassilon after a great struggle and expelled into the void. It was attracted to both Elizabeth Bathory and the creature with which Bathory had made a pact (we learn nothing about this creature, except the fact that it was 'terrible'). By copying this creature, the Mimic became Managra – and bonded with Francis Pearson, whom it then transported from the London of the 17th century to the Overcities of the 20th (as in *Original Sin*). Pearson became one of the Concoters who, after the fall of the Earth Empire, remodelled Europe as a series of connected Dominions known collectively as 'Europa'. These Dominions are recreations of past times populated by clones of people from the 14th to the 20th century, plus ghosts, ghouls, werewolves and copies of movie stars in historical roles. Dominions include Britannia Edwardiana, Britannia Victoriana, Puritan Switzia, Francia Art-Deco, Esperantia, Francia Bourbon, Bavaria Glockenstein and five Mediterraneans. All are ostensibly ruled by the hovering Vatican City and the Church Apostolic; progress and technological advance are generally prohibited. The Nicodemus Principle, established circa 3210, stated that no Reprise could become Pope; by the time of the 31st century, the official Papal seat is in Betelgeuse.

Technology of the period includes holo flames and holo skies, automated quills, sliding floors (which bond feet to them at a molecular level), hover cars with cloaking fields, glide-gondolas, smart-daggers which home in on their victims, monomolecular epées, autoknot ropes which respond to commands and Gargoyle Vigilants (er, vigilant gargoyles). A polyglot is a micro-translator which sits in the ear and can also send and receive messages. There is such a thing as a House of Usher mechanism – which causes a house to sink into a mere – and one shouldn't forget the sin-activated hair shirt.

Jung the Obscure had a theory published in the *Eiger Apocrypha* that the Swiss had repressed the romantic and wild sides of their psyche so long that one day it all broke free in the form of the Presences which make up the Swiss Gods. The Dutch Mountain, a creation of the Dutch psyche, is a moving mountain. There are various strains of vampires – one of which, the Ipsissimus Order, have removable shadows, and are descended from Jake and Madelaine (see *Goth Opera*), who were killed in the 24th century by Jonquil the Intrepid. Necrodryads are tree ghosts which absorb fear.

Other notes The Doctor can see through cloaking fields, impose mind-blocks by touch and play the flute. He is also immune to the effects of Mimesis. Clone syndrome manifests itself as a loss of identity.

Inside the TARDIS We see only the main and secondary console rooms. Pearson's version of the Globe is a primitive kind of TARDIS – as is his carriage, the Rite of Passage.

Quotable quotes "Dispiriting news that, learning that you were made out of a toenail" (the Doctor). Byron, referring to Sarah: "A shameless Diana of the chase. An honest slut. I approve." DWM

Terminus

Andrew Pixley visits the hellhole at the end of the universe where drugged Company men steer the living dead. And the BBC.

PART ONE

As Tegan shows Turlough to Adric's bedroom where he can make himself at home aboard the TARDIS, the Black Guardian directs the sinister youth – via the restored crystal cube – to sabotage the ship by removing the space-time element from beneath the console. The TARDIS starts to break up, with Nyssa trapped in her room by dimensional instability. The Doctor hurriedly activates the ship's cut-out, urging Nyssa to flee via a door with a skull design which appears in her room. The TARDIS locks onto another spacecraft, and Nyssa emerges into its metallic corridors. The Doctor, Tegan and Turlough go to find her; all four are trapped in the ship when the chair holding open the door back to the TARDIS is mysteriously removed; the entrance then fades away.

The Doctor finds Nyssa hiding in the corridors of the old passenger liner as two newcomers – Kari and Olvir – blow their way into the automatically piloted ship to steal the cargo. The Doctor and Nyssa are taken prisoner by the raiders in the ship's control room, but Kari and Olvir are alarmed when their colleagues in the raiding ship abandon them on the liner. Suddenly a computer relays a message from Terminus Incorporated; passengers must prepare for disembarkation as they approach a massive space station.

Tegan and Turlough are confronted by robot drones, then a wailing voice leads them to sealed compartments inside which are wasted, ragged figures. As the doors slide open, the fevered occupants emerge and Tegan and Turlough take refuge under the floor ducting. As the liner approaches *Terminus* and the ragged figures crowd around the Doctor, Nyssa and Kari, Olvir finally realises what the vessel is: "This is *Terminus*, where all the Lazars come to die! We're on a leper ship! We're all going to die!"

Wolf in the fold: Turlough (Mark Strickson) with Tegan (Janet Fielding)

PART TWO

As the Lazars move off, the Doctor interrogates the ship's computer about *Terminus*, which appears to be at the exact centre of the universe. Olvir is terrified; his sister died of the Lazar disease and *Terminus*, run by a commercial company, supposedly offers a cure. As the computer announces the commencement of 'sterilisation', the party return to the TARDIS in two groups. However, Olvir suddenly realises that Nyssa is infected; the girl is captured and led away by a drone. Meanwhile, Turlough and Tegan remain hidden in the ducting, with the Black Guardian telling the youth of his failure.

Aboard *Terminus*, the Lazars are herded along by the Vanir – gaunt figures clad in radiation armour commanded by Eirak. One of the Vanir, Bor, is concerned by radiation readings, and heads into an area known as the forbidden zone. Eirak is unconcerned; Bor will return when he needs hydromel. This angers another Vanir, Valgard, who processes Nyssa among the Lazars on her way to meet the Garm – a large, dog-like creature which resides in the forbidden zone, enslaved by the Vanir's control device.

The sterilisation process flushes the Doctor and Kari out into *Terminus* and they start to explore. Kari is soon overpowered by the patrolling Valgard, who then advances on the Doctor with his staff: "Now it's your turn . . . Only you I'm going to kill."

PART THREE

As Valgard starts to throttle the Doctor, Kari ricochets a blast from her lazer gun onto the

'She'll die here . . .'

Nyssa tells the Doctor and Tegan that she is going to remain on Terminus*, putting the skills she has learned to good use – by curing the Lazars.*

THE DOCTOR [*gently*] You do fully understand the commitment you'd be undertaking.
NYSSA [*nods, then quietly*] Yes.
THE DOCTOR And that life here would be very hard.
NYSSA I am more than aware of that. But I want to stay.
THE DOCTOR Then you are a very brave person. I wish you every luck. [*They kiss on the cheek*]
TEGAN [*now crying*] She'll die here.
NYSSA Not easily, Tegan. Like you, I'm indestructible. [*Tegan and Nyssa embrace. Both women are crying. The Doctor watches, a lump in his throat*]

From **Terminus** Part Four, by Steve Gallagher

Vanir's helmet, disabling him. The pair hurry unknowingly into the depths of *Terminus'* forbidden zone; the Doctor puzzled by a strange signal on Kari's radio.

Eirak and the Vanir are aghast to find that the Company has reduced their supply of hydromel – a green liquid which keeps them alive when inserted into their armour. Valgard reports news of the two strangers – whom the Vanir think are Company spies. Eirak says that if Valgard can bring the two intruders back from the forbidden zone, he will stand down in Valgard's favour. His rival accepts the challenge. The Vanir soon realise there is also a third intruder – Olvir – on the loose.

The Doctor and Kari find the burned and unbalanced Bor building an inadequate radiation shield in the forbidden zone; one engine is unstable, and Bor says that another exploded long ago. They are confronted briefly by Valgard before moving on; the Garm appears and carries Bor back to the Vanir, where he is tended by Sigurd. Delirious, Bor says that if *Terminus'* engines are fired up, there will be a big bang . . .

Nyssa is selected for treatment by the Garm. Tegan and Turlough escape the ducting, and the Black Guardian tells the youth to use the liner's emergency by-pass switch to recreate the door back to the TARDIS.

Diseased, Nyssa is processed by the Garm

The Doctor and Kari find a massive alien corpse in *Terminus'* control room. Suddenly, the Doctor realises that the original jettisoning of exploding engine fuel created the Universe – Event One – and jumped *Terminus* billions of years into the future. However, a second explosion would destroy everything. There is a power surge on *Terminus*, and a red jettison handle is engaged. The Doctor is horrified: "If we don't do something quickly, the whole universe will be destroyed!"

PART FOUR

Valgard confronts Olvir just as he has found Nyssa, allowing her to be carried off by the Garm for treatment. She awakens to find that the haphazard use of radiation has been successful, and is soon re-united with Olvir. She believes that her skills could help perfect a reliable cure.

On the liner, Tegan manages to abort the launch from *Terminus*. Turlough gets back aboard the TARDIS, only to be knocked out by a blast of energy from the enraged Guardian.

The Doctor and Kari realise that only the strength of the Garm can halt the red handle; they summon the creature using the Vanir's device.

The alien resets the handle, and the Doctor swiftly disconnects the computer controlling it, aborting the jettison. The Garm has earned its freedom, and the Doctor destroys the control box.

Eirak is confronted by Valgard, and grudgingly hands over control of the Vanir. Reunited with Nyssa and Valgard, the Doctor hears from his companion how she could synthesise hydromel for the Vanir and cut off their dependency from the Company. As Tegan emerges from the liner, Nyssa announces that she will remain on *Terminus* to perfect a cure for Lazar's disease with the Garm. She says a tearful goodbye to the Doctor and Tegan.

As Turlough recovers on board the TARDIS, the Black Guardian storms: "This is your last chance. I shall not say that again. Kill the Doctor!"

In Production

During pre-production on *Warriors' Gate* in Summer 1980, script editor Christopher Bidmead asked writer Stephen Gallagher if he had any further ideas for *Doctor Who*. Gallagher had a notion for a non-*Doctor Who* story about a spacecraft from another dimension which used a piece of unstable technology, a Pandora Drive, which threatened to spark a chain reaction that would destroy the universe. Gallagher wrote this up before he saw the broadcast of *Warriors' Gate* – the substantial rewrite of which he disliked – and submitted it to Bidmead and producer John Nathan-Turner. Both Bidmead and Nathan-Turner were impressed with *Warriors' Gate*, and the producer in particular was keen to have Gallagher work on the show again.

Because of the *Warriors' Gate* rewrites, by early 1981 Gallagher had become convinced that the new idea was unacceptable. Gallagher's agent approached Nathan-Turner in April to express his client's apprehension, and on Tuesday 12 May the producer sent the writer a note saying he would like to discuss the idea, explaining that the delay had partly been caused by personnel changes at the production office (Bidmead having been replaced first by Antony Root, then by Eric Saward) and partly due to changes in the line-up of the regular cast following Tom Baker's departure.

Photos: BBC Video [15]

SCRIPTING The raiders

Scripter Steve Gallagher originally envisaged the pirate raiders Kari and Olvir as resembling SAS men in black leather. The script indicates: “They're wearing close-fitting suits and smooth, anonymous helmets. They have hand radios and spare power packs clipped to their belts, and carry light-weight laser weapons. Once inside the ship their manner is that of police or soldiers entering a building and expecting trouble.” It is possible that Kari was originally called ‘Yoni’; Gallagher was forced to change the name when script editor Eric Saward informed him that “it is an Indian colloquial word for a woman's genitalia.”

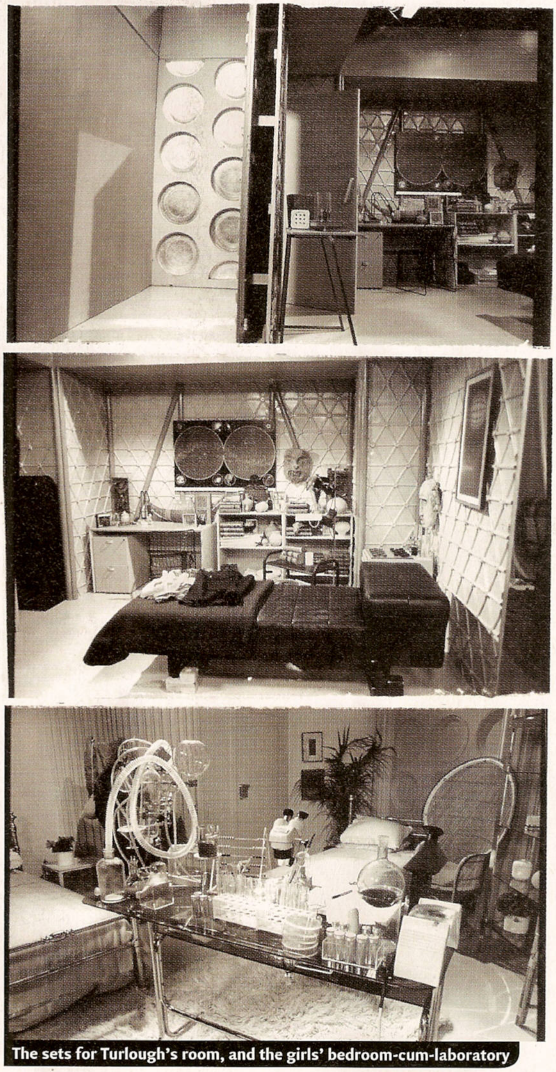
By the summer of 1981, the team had begun work on the stories which would comprise Peter Davison's second season as the Doctor. On Tuesday 4 August, Gallagher travelled down to London from his home in Bolton to discuss his new serial. Various requirements were imposed on Gallagher's narrative, including the presence of the Black Guardian, a villain from 1979's *The Armageddon Factor*. The Guardian would be acting through the Doctor's new companion, Turlough – created by Nathan-Turner and Saward in May – and Gallagher was issued with character notes which specified that in his serial, the second in a trilogy of stories featuring the Black Guardian, Turlough would attempt to engineer the Doctor's downfall, but fail without the TARDIS crew becoming aware of his true nature. Gallagher planned to keep the Guardian unseen until the very end of his final episode; previously, the evil figure would be presented only as a voice in Turlough's head.

Gallagher's commission to write a story breakdown under the working title *Terminus* followed on Monday 10 August; the target delivery date was Monday 31 August, but Gallagher submitted his breakdown on Wednesday 2 September. *Terminus* was now part of a stranded spaceship poking into the dimension of the known universe, with its ‘forbidden’ zone being part of another dimension; the threat posed by the Pandora Drive was an explosion which could be contained in the other dimensions, but not the Doctor's. Another major plot device was an infectious but curable disease, the cause of almost mediaeval stigmatism and superstition; Gallagher named this ‘Lazar's disease’, a form of leprosy which adopted an archaic term for a diseased person itself derived from the Biblical figure Lazarus. The writer had previously used the notion of an exploitative company in his radio play *An Alternative to Suicide*; the presentation of the company's agents, the Vanir, derived largely from old Norse myth.

Gallagher attended another script conference on Wednesday 14 October, when it now appeared that the character of Nyssa was to be written out in *Terminus*; despite the fact that Davison was very fond of the character, Nathan-Turner felt that Nyssa offered little scope for further development. Since the story would be Nyssa's swansong, Saward wanted it to feature the character prominently, resulting in reduced roles for the other companions, Tegan and Turlough. The first episode was briefed for commission on Thursday 15 October (although the formal commission did not come until Tuesday 3 November), with Gallagher to deliver the first of four possible scripts by Monday 9 November. As it transpired, Gallagher delivered his script on Thursday 29 October.

Writing *Terminus*, Gallagher attempted to recreate the atmosphere of the William Hartnell serials he had watched as a youngster, imagining a dark and shadowy tale, paying particular attention to the sinister liner covered in “the sign of the shimmering skull . . . the design of a screaming skull”. Its corridors were “part of a complex formed from staggered alcoves . . . Along the inner walls are sliding doors – all closed and each bearing the skull design” (later, as Nyssa explores, it is noted that the symbols should be spotlit). He also specified an ambience of “strange, ethereal sounds that echo like faint cries in the wind”.

The liner is populated by drone robots and Lazars. Of the former, Gallagher noted: “The drone is small and battered, non-humanoid. From the front, its body shell presents an octagonal profile with diode lights and indicator panels on the face. Above this, in lieu of head, is a camera housing raised on a curved gooseneck stalk – it looks like the flattened head of a snake. Folded flat against the snakes sides (three to each side) are anglepoise ‘arm’ mechanisms, each tipped with an evil-looking blade or drill facing forward like weapons at the ready.” The first description of the Lazars comes when a “scaly, clawlike hand with an arm wrapped in filthy bandages shoots out and grabs Tegan's wrist”. As the figures emerge, Gallagher commented: “They're Lazars (pronounced Lah-zars, as in Lazarus), disabled-looking and repellent. All faces are covered, some by muslin hoods through which only a dim shadow of features can be seen . . . Some of the new additions are unhooded, bone-white skin, dark eyes and lips, an army of the living dead.”



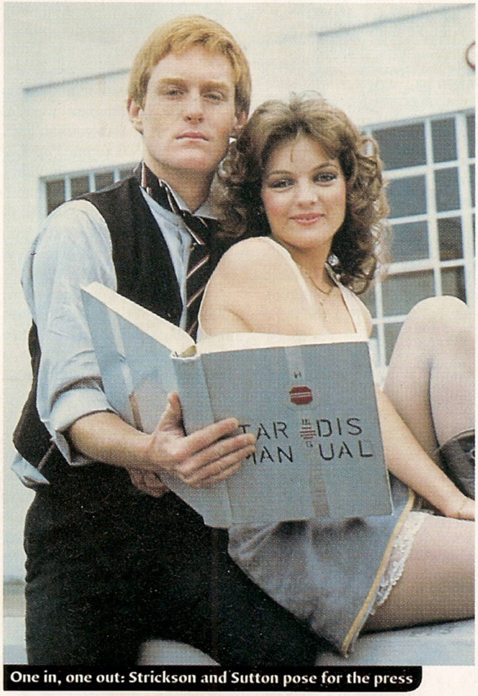
The sets for Turlough's room, and the girls' bedroom-cum-laboratory

Tegan curls up on Turlough's bed, for publicity purposes only

Watching the first Davison episodes as they aired in January 1982, Gallagher found the Fifth Doctor easier to write for than the Fourth, and sought to suggest a sexual ‘buzz’ in the relationship between the Doctor and Nyssa.

Gallagher's first script was discussed on Monday 9 November, whereupon various revisions were requested, largely to the Turlough sequences. Following another script conference on Wednesday 2 December, *Terminus* was scheduled as the fourth story of Season 20. The following day, Gallagher was commissioned to write the remaining three episodes, with a target date of Thursday 21 January for Part Two and Monday 22 February for the remainder. Part Two was delivered on Friday 8 January.

Aware of the restricted budget, Gallagher decided to keep the alien Garm – inspired by another Scandinavian figure, a dog-headed animal who guards the gates of Hell – in the shadows throughout, describing it as an "immense figure seen only in silhouette . . . dog-headed with two brightly burning red eyes (practical lights)". In Part Four, Gallagher indicated that the Garm's voice should be "an inhuman, bass-magnified whisper: it seems to come, not from the Garm, but from all around the Terminus itself. Through all the distortion, there's a quality of gentleness in the voice." Gallagher's scripts referred to the space station as 'the Terminus' rather than *Terminus* ("The Terminus ship is darkness, bare, metal, oil, and steam"). Nyssa sees its interior as she descends: "It looks like some bizarre futuristic parody of a cathedral under heavy interior restoration – scaffolding, tarpaulin sheeting, strung lights, and a much older structure underneath it all."



One in, one out: Strickson and Sutton pose for the press

> **'I was lucky because some last stories can be a bit of a wet fish. I have no idea why I took my skirt off!'**
>
> **Sarah Sutton**

Parts Three and Four were delivered on Monday 8 February alongside a revised Part One, in which Gallagher had refined Turlough's role. Gallagher wanted to suggest that Turlough was disinterested in the affairs of his two female travelling companions, with his attention fixed solely on the Doctor. The writer indicated that he would wait to hear from Saward before he started on similar modifications to Part Two. In the final scripts, Inga – the speaking Lazar – was described as "a pale blonde, about Nyssa's age", while the alien in the Terminus Control Room was "A suited body, half as big again as a man, the contorted alien face half-hidden by the tinted bubble of a goldfish-bowl helmet. But what can be glimpsed has the look of the screaming-skull design."

When the regular cast were issued with new contracts in early February, Sarah Sutton's comprised only 20 out of 26 episodes to be made by the end of the year. Davison was unhappy that Nyssa was being written out, feeling that she was the companion most suited to his Doctor. At this point, the Black Guardian was still confined to voice-over; it wasn't decided that the character should make a full appearance until around April, when Turlough's scheduled introductory story, *The Song of the Space Whale*, was abandoned in favour of *Mawdryn Undead*.

Having heard nothing from Saward or had Parts Two to Four formally accepted, Gallagher contacted the script editor on Thursday 17 June to check that *Terminus* was still in development; at this time, Gallagher was busy working on several other projects, some under pseudonyms, and anticipated that he might be busy on a BBC2 film competition for which he had been shortlisted. Furthermore, publishers WH Allen had already approached him regarding the novelisation of *Terminus*. The writer was assured that the serial was still in development; the problems posed by the preceding serial had taken up much of Saward's time. In fact, Saward conducted his editing over the following month, sending rehearsal scripts for the writer's approval on Tuesday 27 July; Gallagher felt that Saward could not resist tinkering with the scripts, considering much of the new dialogue to be inferior. Originally, Gallagher assumed that Nyssa would be wearing her original costume from *The Keeper of Traken*, cutting her finger on her brooch when trying to loosen her collar; the Doctor was to find the blood-stained brooch later on. In Saward's version, Nyssa was to say "My stomach feels so distended" as she removes her skirt; Gallagher asked to have the line changed. The reason for Nyssa's skirt-dropping was given in stage directions: "She fumbles with the bow of her skirt, releases it, allowing the garment to fall to the floor . . . She's grown noticeably paler and her eyes and lips have darkened. The very first signs of the Lazar disease."

Saward removed all references to the Tharils from *Warriors' Gate*, plus dialogue explaining how the Garm was a being from a high radiation world, brought in by the Company when the Vanir died off too rapidly; the sonic box controls a surgical implant in the Garm's brain which ensures its obedience. Saward had heavily modified the Tegan/Turlough scenes, including one sequence in which Tegan pulls Turlough back to safety when a plate in the piping gives way beneath him; Gallagher had intended this to set the youth thinking about his attitude towards self-preservation. Various aspects regarding Turlough were tightened up: *Mawdryn Undead* was now in production, so references to his introductory serial, such as the communication cube repairing itself, could be inserted. Gallagher replied to Saward a couple of days later, thanking him for allowing him the opportunity to adjust the scripts. Saward thanked Gallagher for his revisions on Saturday 28 August, indicating that there might be further "tweaks" to suit the producer's needs, and confirming that the director would be Mary Ridge.

Nathan-Turner had hired Ridge, a highly-experienced BBC drama director whom he had worked for as an assistant floor manager some years earlier; she knew and liked Nathan-Turner and accepted the work readily, having proved herself capable of handling complex fantasy television on *Blake's 7*. Initially, Ridge was offered six days' studio recording with no location work; just two weeks before Ridge was due to join the crew – at which point she still had not seen a finished script – Nathan-Turner telephoned to say that she had lost a studio day. Of the rest of the team, set designer Dick Coles had previously

SCRIPTING The Vanir

Their name meaning "the beautiful ones", the Vanir were fertility gods of old Norse legend who inhabited Vanaheim and were led by Ngord. They were subordinate to the more significant Norse gods, with whom they waged a war.

The first of the Vanir to feature was Eirik, apparently named after Norwegian king Erik Bloodaxe. The script described: "Eirik (Ay-Rick), chief of the Vanir. It's impossible to tell if he's man or machine. He wears a radiation suit modelled on mediaeval memento mori gravestone designs: bones and sinews are moulded into the surface like old brass, and the design of his completely-enclosing metal helmet owes something to the Sutton Hoo burial helmet, around his shoulders is a heavy cloak that almost reaches the ground: the cloak is hooded, but the hood is thrown back. He carries a light metal staff as tall as himself. As with the drones, there should be some slight colour differences built into the costumes of the principal Vanir to allow recognition when fully suited."

Eirik's subordinate, Valgard, was possibly named after Valgrind, the entrance to Valhalla; he was described as a "gaunt and haggard albino with thinning hair that hangs almost to his shoulders." Bor took his name from the father of Odin, and was pictured as "a ragged scarecrow of a man, obviously unwell and feverish." The other speaking Vanir was Sigurd, a name which is the equivalent of Siegfried in German mythology; a fiercely heroic descendant of Odin who featured in the Scandinavia Volsung Sagas of the 13th century. Entering the Liner Control Room, Sigurd removes "a container of hydromel, replacing it with a similar container stored in a pouch at his waistband, and closes the metal case. He then opens the hydromel and attaches it to a plunger built into the ribbing of his radiation armour." In Part Three's script, hydromel was described as a "honey-coloured liquid."

DIRECTOR Mary Ridge

Mary Ridge had a reputation for her tight and meticulous planning; she had worked with the BBC since the early 1960s, working on *Theatre 625* for BBC2, followed by editions of *The Newcomers, The Doctors, Z Cars, Dixon of Dock Green* and *Owen MD.* She worked heavily on the launch of the Open University, and becoming associate producer on *The Duchess of Duke Street* before directing episodes of *Angels* and *Blake's 7.* The problematical *Terminus* was her only *Doctor Who* serial, after which she worked on series such as *The District Nurse.*

designed *Underworld*; costume designer Dee Robson had worked on *Arc of Infinity* that spring (Nathan-Turner warned Ridge about Robson's tendency to overspend, and potential problems with the cast); make-up designer Joan Stribling had worked on *Nightmare of Eden* and *Earthshock*; and Peter Pegrum, joint head of the Visual Effects department, had been associated with the series since *The Time Monster.*

Among the actors initially approached for guest roles were model-turned-actress Twiggy and *Poldark* star Robin Ellis, who were considered for the roles of Kari and Valgard respectively. Kari was ultimately played by Liza Goddard, one-time wife of Colin Baker whose other television work had included *Take Three Girls, Yes Honestly* and *Whodunnit?*; Goddard's six year-old son Tom was delighted that by playing Kari his mother had a 'proper job'. Former child actor Dominic Guard, cast as Olvir, was the brother of Christopher Guard; he featured in *Ghandi* and starred in *Picnic at Hanging Rock.* Ridge cast Andrew Burt as Valgard; she had worked with him in *Dixon of Dock Green* and knew him to be reliable. Burt also featured in *Emmerdale Farm, Warship, The Voyage of Charles Darwin* and *The Legend of King Arthur.* The three guest stars featured prominently in the serial's Drama Early Warning Synopsis on Thursday 16 September which also promised a "New stunning monster: 'The Garm'."

Unfortunately, as *Terminus* entered production, industrial action by the technicians' union EEPTU was looming; Ridge had to devote a lot of her rehearsal time to phone calls checking on whether her serial was affected. In late September, Ridge expressed concern about the end of Part Three, in which it appeared that Turlough's accident on the liner ignited *Terminus*' engines; Saward agreed in a memo on Friday 24 that the two incidents were unconnected and indicated he would alter the scene. The first major problem arose when Ridge discovered that Robson had made the costumes for Kari and Olvir in light blue – the colour which the crew had agreed would be used on the CSO sequences in the serial. Ridge was furious and the costumes had to be remade in white at great expense; the budget issue caused the first rift with Nathan-Turner.

Gallagher attended the read-through at the BBC's Acton Rehearsal Rooms on Monday 27 September; the following day, the film sequences were rehearsed with two of the regulars, Janet Fielding and Mark Strickson. Fielding had returned from a very brief honeymoon; having finished recording *Mawdryn Undead* the previous Friday, she had married journalist Nicholas Davies on the Saturday. Of the regular cast, neither Davison nor Strickson liked the script and commented on several plot holes; Sutton was disappointed with the way Nyssa was written out. Strickson also considered the subject of leprosy unsuitable for a fantasy series. Although originally planned for film, the model sequences for *Terminus* were recorded on videotape on Tuesday 28 in Presentation Studio B at Television Centre between 2.45pm and 6.30pm. These comprised the 'Raider' battle cruiser departing the liner in Part One (played in reverse on videodisk), the liner approaching and docked at *Terminus* and the *Terminus* engines igniting in Part Four. The liner and 'Raider' models were about three foot long and housed high intensity bulbs, while two models of *Terminus* were used; one of the whole station and one of the docking bay.

The first of two days' shooting on 16mm film on Stage 3B at Ealing Studios took place on Wednesday 29, with Ridge concentrating on the Tegan and Turlough scenes set in the liner ducting erected in the sound stage tank. Wednesday saw the sequences requiring ten Lazar extras walking over the grating above the companions, while Martin Potter was called the following day to appear briefly as Eirik. Strickson disliked this shoot; crawling around for two days caused the actor to wear out the knees of his costume and lose skin from his hands and knees.

Rehearsals for the first recording session began at Acton on Friday 1 October. Shortly into rehearsals, it became clear that Part One was under-running, and on Tuesday 5, Saward asked Gallagher to write an extra two minutes' material for it; Gallagher misunderstood the instruction, and instead of writing two new one-minute scenes as Saward intended, he wrote various small extensions to existing scenes. As a result, Gallagher's new material was not used. Dialogue referring to Event One (from *Castrovalva*) in Part Three was also rewritten on Tuesday 5 along with the discussion about *Terminus* being at the centre of the universe in Part Two. During this period, Eirik's name was changed to 'Eirak'.

COSTUME DESIGN Mediaeval sources

Costume designer Dee Robson seized upon writer Steve Gallagher's 'memento mori' description for the Vanir to base their image on Middle Ages woodcuts from Westminster Abbey which hinted at decomposing flesh on a skeleton (the Anglo-Saxon Sutton Hoo references for the helmets was another source of inspiration). The armour design was then worked on with Rod Vass, a freelance designer attached to the Oxfordshire-based props firm Imagineering/Unit 22. Director Mary Ridge approved the design, indicating to Robson that the armour would have to be available early to allow rehearsals for the stave fights involving the Vanir. For the wretched Lazars, Robson was inspired by Black Death shrouds. The Garm was based on a combination of a mediaeval tombstone carving of a dog and a design from a children's fancy dress book entitled *Barlowe's Guide to Extra-Terrestrials;* this large, heavy costume had red lights in the head for the eyes – but contained so few air holes that the actor inside, RJ Bell, could only wear it for a few minutes at a time.

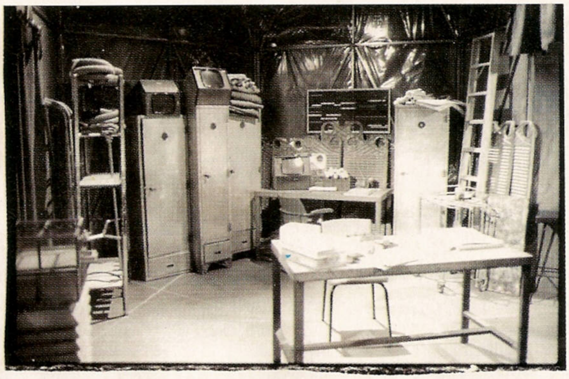
Time was devoted to rehearsing the stave fights with John Waller, which gave novices Burt and Guard more confidence; Burt had just undergone a cartilage operation and needed foam padding in his armour. However, when prop builder Rod Vass delivered the armour to the team for rehearsals he was horrified to discover that it was to be worn for combat, as opposed to being purely decorative. As a result, the armour had to be remade completely (increasing the costume budget beyond tolerance), resulting in a series of items painted gold to resemble brass, Velcro-ed to black sweaters and slacks beneath cloaks.

Studio recording began with a two-day session starting Monday 11 October in TC6; Ridge planned to record from 2.30 to 5.15pm and then from 7.30 to 10.00pm, with camera rehearsals in the morning from 11.00am. However, Ridge found her carefully-planned schedule was soon in disarray when lighting engineer Sam Barclay announced that there was a power failure, meaning that camera rehearsals began two hours late – and forcing Ridge to rehearse/record during the afternoon and evening. The director also discovered that one set was three inches off its marks, and became angry with the crew.

Assuming the regular cast would be familiar with the TARDIS set, Ridge opted to record most of Part One in story rather than set order (bar the first scene of the corridor disintegrating, which was taped first). Adric's room from *Earthshock* reappeared, dressed with props including a necklace from *Kinda*, Adric's costume from *Black Orchid* and also the 'Death' mask from *The Visitation*, which replaced a scripted mathematical puzzle. Likewise, in Nyssa and Tegan's bedroom, both Nyssa's original outfit and the girls' *Black Orchid* party costumes could be seen.

Superimposition was used to add an image of Valentine Dyall playing the Black Guardian in a black-draped set onto the TARDIS screen. However, as Stickson's Turlough was opening

Nyssa, the Doctor and Valgard (Andrew Burt) in the *Terminus* HQ



the panel beneath the console, Nathan-Turner suddenly stopped the recording, explaining that the circuitry was not the correct set (which was at the Longleat *Doctor Who* Exhibition, apparently), and it was decided that all the camera shots requiring the TARDIS console interior would have to be remounted later. This forced Ridge to prematurely move onto other TARDIS sets before they were lit. The dimensional instability was created by a Visual Effects light box, merged into the picture using an image processor. CSO was used for the TARDIS scanner to show what was happening in the girls' bedroom. Dyall also recorded some of his speeches for film sequences in Part Three during this session. Overall, half-an-hour was lost in the afternoon.

Sets for the Vanir HQ and storeroom on *Terminus*

'I adored the eerie atmosphere – but I think watching all four back-to-back is a mistake!'

John Nathan-Turner

In the evening session, recording of the TARDIS scenes continued with Nyssa's escape onto the liner. The shot of the Doctor throwing a chair to jam the skull door open was intended to be shot in reverse on videodisk – with the chair being pulled out of the door on a wire – but this did not go as planned, and this single shot took almost an hour to record. Ridge's plan was then to tape Part One scenes set in the liner corridor and the lower deck, but soon realised that these would have to be deferred to the following day. By the end of the evening, the Part One TARDIS shots had been completed, and some insert shots of the drone robots were taped. These, too, caused problems; two radio-controlled props had been made, with swivel heads and arms driven by a rotating camshaft. However, neither had been assembled before, and only one of them actually worked. Eventually, after a half-hour over-run, Ridge abandoned the remaining scenes for the following day.

Recording on Tuesday 12 followed the same pattern as the Monday, with Ridge frantically cramming in extra camera rehearsals. The Part One scenes on the liner corridor and lower deck were recorded first, largely in sequence; this required the adding and removal of the skull door for some of the cross-fades. Having not been required the previous day as planned, Goddard and Guard started work with the shot in which Kari and Olvir blast their way into the liner; the explosion, considerably louder than expected, was heard in the next studio and caused Goddard to utter an oath later removed from the soundtrack. Pegrum was surprised to discover that the helmets he had designed for Kari and Olvir to carry actually had to be worn; because there were no air holes, the two globes (inspired by the 1930s movie *Things to Come*) steamed up quickly. Another mishap occurred in the scene where the Lazar arms grabbed at Tegan; unable to see through the hatch, the extras groped Fielding until the actress 'popped out' of her boob tube.

Several corridor shots were taped with a hand-held camera. The Tannoy voice, pre-recorded by BBC World Service Announcer Martin Mulcaster, was played in to studio. With several corridor scenes for the start of Part Two recorded, Part Four's TARDIS console room scenes were taped with Strickson and Dyall. A couple of liner corridor scenes for Part Four were recorded next, by which time it was clear that numerous scenes would have to be aborted until the second studio session. Ridge opted to push on with the scenes in the liner control room in an attempt to clear this large set, returning to pick up scenes set in the liner corridors. Sutton underwent various make-up changes to represent different stages of Nyssa's infection. Actor Tim Munro recorded one scene as Sigurd on this day; he had previously played Ainu in the 1979 serial *The Creature from the Pit*. 35mm slides showing the layout of the liner were fed to colour monitors in the control room as recording ran past 10.00pm. As the clock ticked towards 10.30, Ridge decided to attempt to record Nyssa's farewell scene, which had been skipped earlier on. With the small *Terminus* receiving corridor set not lit, it was suggested that the scene was switched to the TARDIS sets. Davison and the cast objected to this, saying it did not make sense.

Recording wrapped half-an-hour late, and was intended to be the end of Dyall's work on the serial. As the lights were turned off, tempers started to flare. Davison was angry that the cast's work on the serial was being compromised and Ridge was concerned that, for the first time in her career, she had over-run and would have to replan her second studio.

Rehearsals restarted on Thursday 14 October for the *Terminus* ship sequences. The three-day recording, again in TC6, began on Monday 25 with each day adopting the same pattern as the earlier session. Firstly, scenes in the liner corridor and a lower deck scene from the first block were completed, including the 'goodbye' scene, where there was discussion about how close the Doctor and Nyssa should be; the script indicated they should shake hands, but Davison and Sutton played the scene with a kiss on the cheek.

Moving to the new material, most of the scenes in *Terminus*' Receiving Area were recorded next; this set was incomplete since a hydraulic lift which Coles had built into his complex design did not work and was not *in situ*. Barclay came up with a clever set of lighting movements to make it appear that Nyssa and the

SCRIPTING Bor's song

The script for Part Three of *Terminus* included the full words to the song murmured by Bor, played by Peter Benson: "He's hunched over and limping. Obviously very ill. Part of his face, chest and arm have been blackened by an explosion which has ripped open his Vanir armour. But there seems to be a cheerfulness about him, self-absorbed and purposeful . . . As he works he sings breathlessly, tunelessly and without much regard for the words . . ."

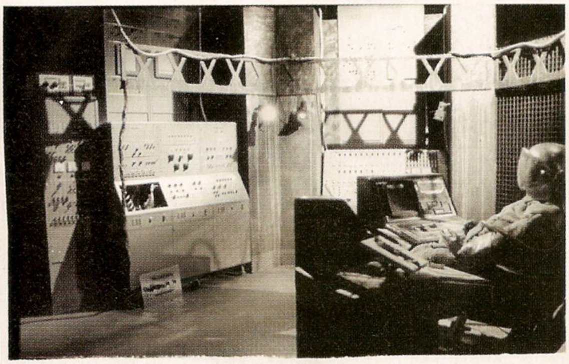
And if Evangeline
Asks what's become of me
Just tell her that I'm
Across the purple sea
In the cold ground
And sleeping peacefully
Don't tell her that
I'm back in jail.

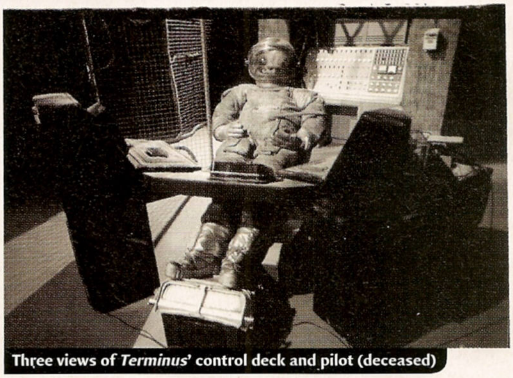
DEPARTURE Sarah Sutton

The *Terminus* remount marked Sarah Sutton's final regular work on *Doctor Who,* whose departure had been announced as early as Thursday 15 July 1982. Leaving the series was a mixed blessing for Sutton. On the one hand, she had found the writing for Nyssa improving, but she had also become the focus of the attentions of an obsessive fan, which became particularly threatening around the time of Janet Fielding's wedding. After a cameo in *The Caves of Androzani,* some theatre and radio work, Sutton married in July 1985 and made a few more television appearances. Since the birth of her daughter, Hannah, in 1991, she has largely retired from acting, making appearances in the *Doctor Who* Children in Need sketch *Dimensions in Time* and *999.*

Vanir were descending into the structure – whereas it was the background, not the actors, which was in motion. Scenes in the Stockyard were taped next; this, like the other *Terminus* sets, was a massive structure with scaffolding, gantries and polythene sheets dressing the studio.

After his first scene, Peter Benson had latex added to the right-hand side of his face to simulate the burns to Bor's face for the final two episodes. RJ Bell appeared in his Garm outfit; for the scenes where the Garm spoke, Bell's voice was pre-recorded and slowed down. Various scenes set 'Deep Inside' *Terminus* were recorded next for Parts Three and Four, after which the *Terminus* Control Room was used for a couple of scenes in Part Three. These sequences confused Davison, whose understanding of the script was that the alien pilot was moving very slowly in its own space/time, and was not dead; however, Visual Effects had covered it in cobwebs to suggest otherwise. The webs were removed.





Three views of *Terminus'* control deck and pilot (deceased)

Recording on Tuesday 26 began with taping in the Recovery Room and the Storage Tank outside for Nyssa's recovery in Part Four; originally, Nyssa was to talk to herself about her cure. Two scenes at the Vanir HQ were taped for the end of Part Four, followed by the two scenes in the Equipment Store for Part Three. Before recording the remaining Vanir HQ scenes, miscellaneous scenes on the lower catwalk and main area were performed for Parts Two and Four.

Sutton changed into Lazar garb for her scenes in the Lazar Ward of the Storage Tank for Parts Two and Three, and Rachel Weaver was given a basic Lazar make-up for her speaking part as Inga. Finally, the scenes in the *Terminus* Control Room bridging Parts Three and Four were recorded.

The final studio day, Wednesday 27, began with Ridge knowing that Nathan-Turner had agreed she could have a run-on to 11.00pm to complete recording if necessary. Recording started on the Part Three tunnel scene in which Bor appears, following which two model shots of the inside of *Terminus,* seen by the Doctor and Nyssa, were taped for Part Two. Scenes on the catwalk were taped next, followed by the fight sequences in the Damage Area between the Doctor and Valgard, and then Valgard and Olvir. Davison was unhappy with these because they were under-rehearsed; furthermore, the Vanir armour kept rattling badly on the soundtrack.

The last scenes scheduled were those in the Control Room for Part Four – and it seemed initially that Ridge was going to complete her serial as she reached the last five minutes of recording. Suddenly, Nathan-Turner informed her that the extra hour was not now available, and the story would be completed at a later date. Ridge was horrified, as her incomplete recording was halted at 10.00pm; Nathan-Turner departed for Sutton's farewell party, leaving a furious Ridge in the gallery. By now, tensions were running high; Sutton was upset because she would have to return for the remount, and Davison felt that Nathan-Turner's bad mood in studio was blighting Sutton's party. This was virtually the only run-in between star and producer in the entire period they worked together.

The threatened industrial action by EEPTU electricians commenced late in October. *The Sun* ran an item about Liza Goddard's appearance in *Terminus* on Tuesday 2 November. Gallery-only video effects work for *Terminus* took place on Thursday 4 November in TC6; added effects included the raiders' guns, the images on the TARDIS scanner, various explosive whiteouts and the juddering of *Terminus* (which was achieved using Quantel).

The original intention was to remount the *Terminus* scenes alongside recordings for *Enlightenment,* between mid-November and early December. However, the BBC's desire to push its Christmas shows into studio meant that the studio dates for *Enlightenment* were lost. By Thursday 25 November, it had been decided to record *Enlightenment* over January and February 1983 in the studio blocks allocated to Serial 6K, *The Return.* Davison appeared on BBC1's *Saturday Superstore* on Saturday 20 November, when a clip from *Arc of Infinity* was shown.

Editing on *Terminus* had taken place in November, with preliminary dubbing on Tuesday 7 and Thursday 16 December. By now, the remount day was scheduled for Saturday 18 December, tagged onto the start of a two-day studio for the season's sixth serial, *The King's Demons.* Part One was still under-running – and so, with Fielding and Strickson, Saward devised a new opening scene between Tegan and Turlough set in the TARDIS corridors. As scripted, the Guardian said: "The TARDIS is isomorphic. Only the Doctor is able to manipulate the controls and dismantle its key elements" (as in *Pyramids of Mars*); Turlough's sabotage overcame this function. The reference to the "space-time element" from *Arc of Infinity* was another late addition.

Terminus was completed in TC1 between 2.30 and 6.00pm on Saturday 18; the first scenes to be taped were those left over from the first block on the liner control room set for Parts Three, Four and Two. These generally featured Fielding and Strickson, but Munro also returned to re-enact Sigurd's scene with

WRITER Stephen Gallagher

Terminus was the last *Doctor Who* script written by Stephen Gallagher; the writer had attended the second recording day, but by then was busy researching a new novel, *Oktober,* in France. He wrote a third storyline for *Doctor Who* which was rejected as too expensive, and moved on to work primarily on his fantasy, horror and SF novels and their television adaptations – such as *Chimera* and *Oktober* – as well as scripts for the adventure series *Bugs.*

the hydromel. Sutton was present to perform in one shot, where Nyssa studies the computer layout of the liner, completing her work on the show while still under contract that year. The new Tegan/Turlough scene was recorded, followed by the close-ups of Turlough sabotaging the TARDIS – this time with the correct 'innards' in place. The Black Guardian voice-overs were recorded by Dyall later, during *Enlightenment*. Davison was not needed on this day, and the crew were distressed to find that the liner control room set and several of the props had been badly damaged in the intervening months.

Tegan and the Doctor contemplate life without Nyssa

All four episodes under-ran, and numerous insert shots were used to pad them out. Various model shots of the liner or *Terminus* were dropped in, along with out-of-context shots of the skull door to the TARDIS appearing and vanishing. Minor dialogue trims were made to a couple of scenes, such as the end of a Part Two scene where it is suggested the Doctor's party must separate to return to the TARDIS.

Incidental music was composed by Roger Limb, a regular composer since *The Keeper of Traken* in 1981; in his 46-minute score, Limb used the theme he had derived for Nyssa in his (and her) debut serial during Parts One and Four, plus a theme composed for Adric in *Full Circle* by Paddy Kingsland in Part One. Dubbing on *Terminus* continued on Wednesday 29 December and Monday 10 January 1983, just a few weeks before transmission.

> **'I've never been so upset in my entire life, because I've *never* not finished on time!'**
>
> **Mary Ridge**

Terminus debuted on BBC1 Cymru on Monday 14 February, one day ahead of BBC1's other regions where it ran in the usual Tuesday/Wednesday slot; this was due to the official opening of St David's Hall, a major Welsh OB event which occurred on Tuesday 15. In its usual slot, *Terminus* straddled the ITV news or *Crossroads*, followed by *Emmerdale Farm* on Tuesdays and *This Is Your Life* on Wednesdays; after the broadcast of Part Four, a continuity item announced the BBC's anniversary event at Longleat for the April Easter Weekend.

Ratings were slightly down on the previous serial, and lower than the previous season; the audience appreciation was average for the series.

Unfortunately, the subject of leprosy, perceived by some as the theme of the serial, inspired several negative reactions to *Terminus*. A letter from Eddie Askew of The Leprosy Mission appeared in the *Radio Times* a few weeks after transmission, condemning the show for "indoctrinating youthful watchers with medieval ideas about a mildly contagious disease." The production office also received complaints from the British Leprosy Association and from Dr David Stevenson, senior lecturer at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. A further complaint came from Peter Osborne, the marketing sales manager of Tannoy Ltd, who pointed out that the BBC had referred to their registered trade mark in the closing credit captions for Mulcaster's "Tannoy Voice".

Apart from the Garm, Gallagher was happy with what turned up on screen and preferred the serial to *Warriors' Gate*; he wrote to congratulate Nathan-Turner on Friday 25 February, commenting: "All in all a super horror show".

As with his 1982 novelisation of *Warriors' Gate*, Gallagher opted to use the pen-name 'John Lydecker' for his adaptation of *Terminus*; this was published in hardback by WH Allen in June 1983, with a paperback edition following in September. Gallagher took the opportunity to reinstate a lot of his original notions, such as the background to the Garm, the establishment of *Terminus* on an older radioactive ship and the TARDIS' emergency program locking onto Nyssa's book. The novelisation bore a photographic cover showing the Doctor and the Black Guardian.

The serial was sold overseas to countries such as Australia (in 1983), New Zealand (in April 1989) and in North America, where it also appears as a 100-minute TV movie. BBC Video released *Terminus* commercially in January 1993, and since August 1994 it has appeared several times on UK Gold, mostly in compilation form. The BBC retains D3 copies of the original two-inch videotapes. DWM

SERIAL 6G **TERMINUS**

CAST Peter Davison *The Doctor* with Mark Strickson *Turlough*, Valentine Dyall *Black Guardian*, Janet Fielding *Tegan*, Sarah Sutton *Nyssa*, Rachel Weaver *Inga* [1,3], Liza Goddard *Kari*, Dominic Guard *Olvir*, Martin Muncaster *Tannoy Voice* [1-2,4], Martin Potter *Eirak* [2-4], Peter Benson *Bor* [2-4], Andrew Burt *Valgard* [2-4], Tim Munro *Sigurd* [2-4], RJ Bell *The Garm* [2-4].

EXTRAS Olwyn Atkinson, David Ballard, Rosemary Banks, Chris Bradshaw, David Bulbeck, Johnny Clayton, Mair Coleman, Susan Dady, Jill Goldston, Martin Grant, Allen Hall, Anita Jayne, Nick Joseph, Debbi Lloyd, Ray Martin, Mykel Mills, Pat Pelton, Annet Peters, Barbara Russell, Lionel Sansby, Rebecca Semark, Norman Warren *Lazars*; John Hamilton Russell, Michael Horner, Kevin O'Brien, Timothy Oldroyd *Vanir*; Fiona Alexander, Christine Eatwell, Cryss Jean Healy, Janice Hollin, Graham Jarvis, Ann Garry Lee, Lee Montgomery, Mark Howard, Barbara Bermel, Jean Channon, Giles Oldershaw, Salo Gardner *Lazars*.

CREDITS *Written by* Steve Gallagher. *Fight Arranger* John Waller [4]. *Incidental Music* Roger Limb. *Special Sound* Dick Mills, BBC Radiophonic Workshop. *Production Manager* Steve Goldie. *Production Associate* June Collins. *Production Assistant* Rena Butterwick. *Assistant Floor Manager* Polly Davidson [and Adrian Heywood, uncredited, on remount]. *Film Cameraman* Remi Adefarasin [2-4]. *Film Sound* Graham Hare [2-4]. *Film Editor* Frances Parker [2-4]. *Visual Effects Designer* Peter Pegrum. *Video Effects* Dave Chapman. *Technical Manager* Jeff Jeffery. *Senior Cameraman* Alec Wheal. *Vision Mixer* Carol Johnson [1-2: Block One], Mary Kellehar [3-4: Block Two] [also Nigel Finnis, uncredited, on remount]. *Videotape Editor* Rod Waldron. *Studio Lighting* Sam Barclay. *Studio Sound* Scott Talbott. *Costume Designer* Dee Robson. *Make-up Artist* Joan Stribling. *Script Editor* Eric Saward. *Title Sequence* Sid Sutton. *Designer* Dick Coles. *Producer* John Nathan-Turner. *Director* Mary Ridge. *BBC © 1982*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

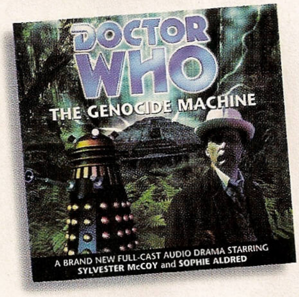
Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Part One*	15 February 1983	6.55-7.20pm	24'58"	6.8M (86th)	65
Part Two	16 February 1983	6.45-7.10pm	24'40"	7.5M (75th)	67
Part Three	22 February 1983	6.55-7.20pm	24'39"	6.5M (97th)	64
Part Four	23 February 1983	6.45-7.10pm	24'49"	7.4M (80th)	67

*BBC Cymru 14 February 1983 6.45-7.10pm

Shelf Life

With **Vanessa Bishop**

DOCTOR WHO: THE GENOCIDE MACHINE


DOCTOR WHO
THE GENOCIDE MACHINE
A BRAND NEW FULL-CAST AUDIO DRAMA STARRING SYLVESTER McCOY and SOPHIE ALDRED

Audio drama Big Finish Productions **Featuring** The Seventh Doctor & Ace **RRP** £13.99 double CD/£9.99 double cassette **Available** May

The Daleks return, loud and proud, in a fast-paced tale of battle and conquest.

Information, as they say, is power. Deep within the forests of the planet Kar-Charrat a library of all knowledge is hidden – and the value of this library, now equipped with a revolutionary new 'wetworks' data storage system, has not passed by certain aliens' eyestalks . . .

Daleks. Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. You've got to give Big Finish credit for waiting until their seventh release before wheeling out the series' top meanies. Even so, our tin friends have a tradition of turning up to provide support for new projects. From Patrick Troughton's debut through films, stage plays, Comic Relief and, most recently, a flagging repeat season, they've always been found lined up on *Doctor Who*'s sub benches. But does Big Finish's patience indicate that they've waited for a story worthy of the Daleks – or is simply time to pull off another audio scoop to set fan pulses racing?

That's a tricky question. There's been much fighting talk from Big Finish about re-establishing the Daleks in the form their (off-screen) creator, Terry Nation, originally intended. They've referred to the 1960s TV21 comic strips as a model for this new era – suggesting that, since their Davros days, the Daleks' TV presence has been weakened. Personally, *Shelf Life* believes Nation was responsible for just as many great Dalek moments as duds, but credits other writers with both developing Nation's ideas and his creatures' motivation. As far as Davros is concerned, he may well have stolen some of the Daleks' screen time, but he granted a new direction to their TV career which, as their Pertwee encounters show, was clearly running out of steam. What's more to the point is that Big Finish don't actually *need* Davros. He's a televisual constraint; the long sought-after solution to the problem of how to make Dalek banter less visually boring. That's not a problem on audio, since his opinions and orders can just as easily be voiced by whichever Dalek functions as the play's top dog.

Given those TV21 ambitions, then, *The Genocide Machine* succeeds. Stylistically, it's the most comic-book audio adventure since *The Sirens of Time* – and, with its forest setting and invisible aliens, is never far from *Planet of the Daleks* in flavour. A writer with more post-modern affectations than Mike Tucker might have included more 'Nationisms' – a barred or immobilised TARDIS, perhaps, or a deadly virus. But in its simplicity, the script is faithful in other ways, never requiring the listener to dig too deep to get to the heart of the drama. As with the thinking behind *The Twin Dilemma* – a simplistic story to not distract the viewer's attention away from the spectacle of the newly-regenerated Sixth Doctor – *The Genocide Machine* eschews complexity to parade the Daleks.

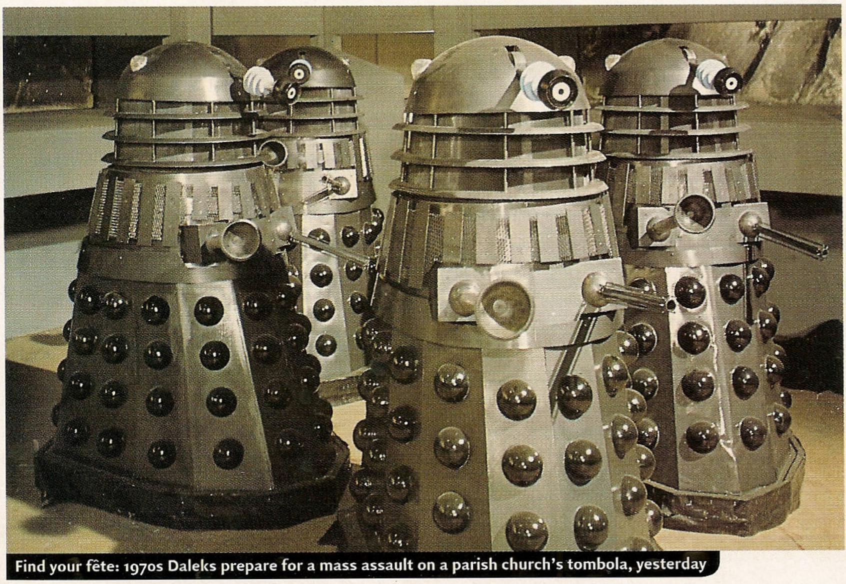
One question posed by the Daleks' arrival on audio has been whether or not they can succeed on the strength of their screeching voices alone. The Daleks are television and it's pointless to pretend otherwise. Dalekmania inspired a market for toys and books and games, not a rush to purchase voice-altering ring modulators. That given, these Daleks can talk one's hair on end. Surprisingly, what I missed more than their design was any impression of their movement; perhaps an additional hum, or some other sound effect, might have helped imply when they're in motion. Ironically – and I realise this sounds rather crude – so too would recording the creaks and scrapes of an original prop. Of course, Big Finish Daleks win out elsewhere: there's more than three of them; they can cope with any terrain; and their domes don't threaten to fall off their necks (neither do they pose at bus stops or open fêtes – these Daleks have *standards* . . .)

When the heartbeat sound of Dalek control first swells your speakers, the fan in you wants to punch the air

Despite proclaiming a return to the 1960s, *The Genocide Machine* shows the lines between eras to be not so deeply drawn. The cunning Daleks which manipulated Mavic Chen, Lesterson, Waterfield and Maxtible have no-one to deceive in Tucker's script – so it's a 1970s-style conquest caper replete with the duplication technology of 1984's *Resurrection of the Daleks* (plus the 1980s music of the latter).

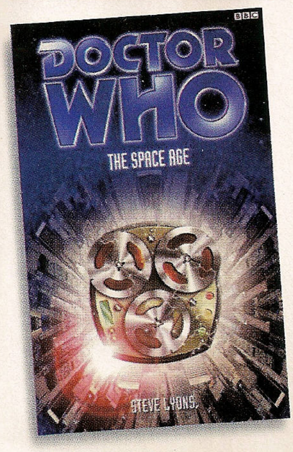
Because *The Genocide Machine* also contains such playground antics as a "If I pretend to be a robot, the Daleks won't notice" sub-plot, I really ought to be more stern with it. But when the 'heartbeat' effect of Dalek control first swells the speakers, there's no denying that the fan in me punched the air.

The old magic is back in suckerfuls.



Find your fête: 1970s Daleks prepare for a mass assault on a parish church's tombola, yesterday

DOCTOR WHO: THE SPACE AGE



Novel BBC Books **Author** Steve Lyons **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Compassion **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 53800 7 **Available** May

Steve Lyons' study of rivalry and war suggests that life in the future might not be all it's cracked up to be.

I'm not the first to point out that the year 2000 hasn't quite turned out as science fiction predicted. Where, I ask, are my anti-ageing pills and hover-boots? I watched *The Jetsons* and I want my money back!

Steve Lyons is having none of it, either. If moving pavements were what we were promised, then moving pavements are what we shall have. The Space Age of *The Space Age* is *now*, today, or as good as. The year is actually 2019, but it's pretty clear that Earth has, for some time, made a reality of all those gleaming futuristic cities in old sci-fi movies.

If Lyons had written this for an earlier Doctor, particularly for the First or Second, you could assume he was just taking the mickey – chuckling as he colours everything silver, or invents servo-robots just big enough to hide a man inside. On the other hand, if he'd written it 30 years ago, it would be mistaken for standard pulp fiction. But there's more of a twist to it than that.

The Space Age is never far from the 1960s. It opens in 1965, but even by 2019 that decade's issues and cultures are still on display. Times have changed, but attitudes have stayed the same. Stranger still, so have the people. The Mods and the Rockers are still fighting each other in the 21st century – but their members are only 19 years older, and not, as they should be, collecting their pensions.

Other than solving this discrepancy, and detailing how an incredible future has escalated gang warfare into the all-out real thing, there's little plot. But as is often the case with Lyons' work, it's the lives of his characters, and the solutions eventually found to their problems, which drive the novel forward.

At its centre, *The Space Age* is *West Side Story* with *Flash Gordon* guns. If set to song, it would look as kitsch as the *Return to the Forbidden Planet* musical, but would have more tunes about love, war and anger than about monsters. As a theatre critic, I might request an occasional break from the story's ferocious mood. There's quite a quirky little number to be had in the Doctor's rewiring of an old record-player into a defence weapon – but I'd have to admit it'd be incongruous, as *The Space Age* doesn't strive to be jolly. Its look at more controversial social issues of the 1960s is something of a corrective to the swinging hedonism and misplaced nostalgia of the Austin Powers films.

The novel is hardly taxing. Clues to its mysteries are laid out like arrows, and my familiarity with the author's work perhaps meant I was one jump ahead too often. But it's not the surprises that matter so much as the central question, "What do we expect from our future?" Perhaps Lyons is taking the mickey after all, satirising all the unlikely, chrome-polished tomorrows so often embraced by *Doctor Who*. But it's a story that could just as easily be about Roundheads and Cavaliers, Protestants and Catholics, Socialists and Capitalists (or any two groups with a bone to pick with one another) in presenting a flawed Utopian vision of a future where one side has succeeded in squashing the other.

Simply listing the imagery and themes of *The Space Age* would make it easy to think of it a lightweight, ironic piece; in television terms, a late 1970s slice of *Doctor Who* which takes from the top of popular culture, dressing its youngish cast in jokey costumes that clearly define to which side of the fight they belong. However, the real sting of *The Space Age* is that it isn't a joke but a serious work, a no-smile zone well in line with the author's bleaker novels – and his own high standards.

DOCTOR WHO: GRAVE MATTER

Novel BBC Books **Author** Justin Richards **Featuring** The Sixth Doctor & Peri **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55598 X **Available** May

A trip to a remote island plunges* Doctor Who *back into the Gothic tradition.

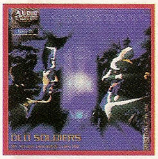
I'd like to say that Justin Richards has never written two books the same, but someone's bound to point to *System Shock* and *Millennium Shock*, and quite rightly shoot my theory down in flames.

Nevertheless, in the past year alone Richards has produced works so stylistically unalike, and in such quantity, that it leads *Shelf Life* to wonder if there isn't more than just the one of him. Is he cloned, or battery-farmed? I imagine something similar to the Logopolitans sat beavering away in their phoney Pharos Project: two regimented lines of Justin Richardses. At the top of the room, with a spinning bow-tie, the one who penned *Demontage*; three down, with his head in an IT manual, the *System Shock* one, thinking about making it a trilogy; across from him, one on the phone to Big Finish; and next to him, another on the phone to Andy Lane, co-writing *The Banquo Legacy*, June's Eighth Doctor novel. Down one again is the Justin who's consultant to BBC Books, bashing out story arcs and new directions. Next to him – and this is where we finally stop – is one with the silken, purring voice of Vincent Price, tapping out the damnedest, creepiest stories he can fill his head with, and quite obviously the one responsible for *Grave Matter*.

The horror film trappings of Grave Matter are so familiar you can guarantee they don't have strangers in the local pub

Grave Matter contains many of the same ingredients which went into *Evolution*, John Peel's *Missing Adventure*: genetic science, grave-robbing, undercover experiments, a large old house, secret identities and body horror. The Victorian period of Peel's book is aped in Richards' – which, although set in the present, presents an island community which is entirely self-sufficient, albeit without electricity. It's Peel's book, written for the Fourth Doctor, which seeks to be acclaimed as Hinchcliffe/Holmes-style horror, but it's Richards who far more successfully captures that style. When the Sixth Doctor and Peri arrive on the island of Dorsill they step into a tale as dark as pitch. The opening chapter offers a heart-pumping pursuit across moorlands as desperate as any undertaken by a Baskerville spooked by his ancestral Hound.

Of course, Richards knows exactly what he's doing. He turns all our expectations back on us by relating events instantly recognisable as those of a *Doctor Who* episode. This approach may not take *Grave Matter* to high places, but it ensures we're never disappointed either. Scenarios we've seen again and



SONTARANS: OLD SOLDIERS

BBV Productions audio £8.50

Wherever England's equivalent of Area 59 might be, *Old Soldiers* suggests it will provide a postcode for a Sontaran called Brak. Although a government secret for over 80 years, Brak hasn't led a lonely life. On the contrary, he's quite the distinguished prisoner, having received a whole front bench of British Prime Ministers.

Enter UNIT's Alice Wells (Sally Faulkner, formerly *Invasion*'s Isobel Watkins, on blistering form), investigating if Brak is somehow involved in the mysterious deaths of some Allied troops. Although this idea bobs along on the surface, the real interest comes from the differences drawn between human and Sontaran philosophies.

Written as a head-to-head, the inquiry's twists and turns afford Brak the chance to recite his Sontaran codes, lament his glory days, and dish a stroppy rant condemning our own ineffectiveness at war. Hearing a Sontaran namecheck modern conflicts does, however, slightly breach the taste barrier.

With dialogue crammed in as tight as a Sontaran in a polo-neck jumper, fans of the potato-headed ones will find them done much honour.

DOCTOR WHO MINIATURES

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Strange, the power of these collectable figures. I was so taken with last month's Pirate Captain that I found myself encouraged to give *The Pirate Planet* another airing. I was similarly seduced by the pewter horns and enviable feathered thatch of Drak, the beer-bellied Jocondan; I shall be lucky, in the next four weeks, if I escape *The Twin Dilemma*.

King Peladon is nowhere near as precise, looking like Nicolas Cage in a skirt. Striding purposefully, the Bannerman has it easier, modelled with his tongue in, and not struggling to resemble anyone.

Still chilling in miniature, the Servant of Sutekh is that strange intermediary figure that becomes Marcus Scarman, sculpted with hands crossed over his chest. Equally Egyptian-influenced is another Movellan, yet more androgynous than the last.

But the scene-stealers of this 26th release are *Dragonfire*'s Bio-mechanoid and *Survival*'s horse-riding Cheetah Person. The intricate detail of the Dragon's pipes and barnacles is pipped just to the post by that lavished upon the horse. I kid you not – the beast is most definitely a male!

again – from films, TV serials, even comedy sketches – filter through; we're primed to recognise who to mistrust and what to suspect. We're aware of the unlikelihood of the Doctor entering the Dorsill Arms unnoticed; when the pub falls silent, we cheer. We can pretty well guarantee that they don't have strangers there. "We don't have strangers here," says the barman, and we cheer again. The familiarity of the moment is so deeply ingrained that even Peri derives amusement from it.

With the island enabling the deployment of one of the series' most successful tricks – trapping its characters together – and with the action appearing somewhat budget-conscious and tightly-focused (until its action-based climax, at least), *Grave Matter* feels like it only narrowly missed life as a Big Finish audio. Its characters, stereotypical rather than 'realistic', cry out to be performed. If Gothic terrors shuffled their way into novelist Catherine Cookson's cobbled North, *Grave Matter* wouldn't be far off the result.

After his *Short Trips and Side Steps* contribution, *The House on Oldark Moor*, in which Richards paid unsubtle tribute to the horror films of James Whale, this novel sees him proceed with a more delicate touch. Although a little gorier, it's instilled with the same shadowy sensations of fear and the macabre with which Whale is associated.

For those, *Shelf Life* included, who like their *Doctor Who* to go bump in the night, this is *Doctor Who* to be read with the lights on.

DOCTOR WHO: THE WEB OF FEAR

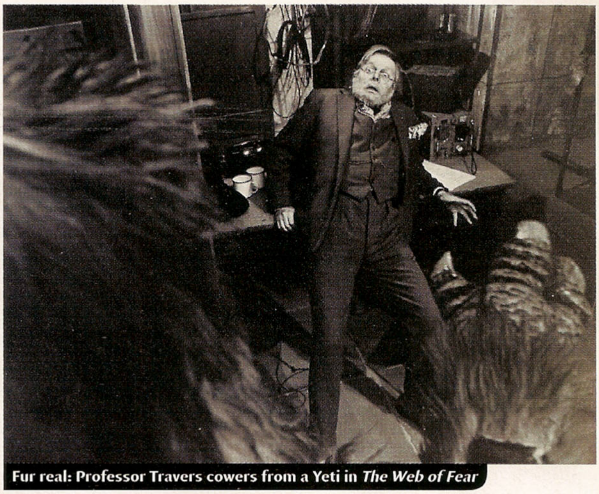
BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO
THE WEB OF FEAR
THE ORIGINAL BBC TELEVISION SOUNDTRACK

Soundtrack CD BBC Radio Collection **Featuring** The Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria **ISBN** 0 563 55382 0 **RRP** £15.99 **Available** Now

The Great Intelligence finds a new audience to terrify, as Frazer Hines talks us through the Doctor's second battle with the Yeti.

The London Underground of *The Web of Fear* is fast disappearing. It's a serious issue for *Doctor Who* fans, particularly if you're as bonny as *Shelf Life* and born after that serial's sole transmission. Although you had the misfortune to miss it, at least you could go down to the Underground and walk within the story's actual setting. You could squint your eyes a bit, whistle the sound of the Great Intelligence, and imagine what it must have been like.

Step onto the spanking new Jubilee Line today and this is nearly impossible. A Yeti wouldn't recognise the place. No brickwork, no tiles, no colour. It's Steve Lyons' *The Space Age* built underground. A total refit has turned the Tube into a silver, faceless, unnatural place – a place now for imagining Daleks, Cybermen, seaweed and foam; a place, in fact, where you could reshoot the majority of the Second Doctor's adventures without drastically altering the look of any of them. Except, ironically, *The Web of Fear*.



Fur real: Professor Travers cowers from a Yeti in *The Web of Fear*

So, as one train leaves, another arrives. Cold on the heels of last year's *The Massacre*, the BBC Radio Collection allows us to re-live *The Web of Fear* even closer to home. It doesn't quite take to its new format as well as the Hartnell release, simply because its strengths appear to be in its visuals, not its story. Its whole reason to be is born of visual conceit, taking what will look good over what will make sense. If reason and plot are what you seek, then in whatever medium, *The Web of Fear* is likely to disappoint. All this – a crippled, web-strangled London – just to snatch the Doctor's brain? *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* reached this point by episode two, before going off in search of a plot. But perhaps the Yeti are wiser. Why bother mining the Earth's core if all anybody's ever going to remember is the Dalek rising from the Thames? Why not just do that bit, or something like it, over and over again . . . ?

What both stories share are their echoes of World War II. As with all British science fiction invasions since, *The Web of Fear* makes a reality of what Britain escaped; the heart of the nation occupied by the enemy, our chaps gathered in brave resistance. There's less of the Blitz and destruction of the Daleks' attempt – but in utilising the Underground, where Londoners sheltered in wartime, the menace is driven even further into traditional areas of safety. The audio captures the atmosphere of an old British war film; the old-fashioned style of the army, the phrases used, the age of the soldiers, and the heavy drumbeat percussion all make the story feel as if it's been plucked from the 1940s. Even television presenter Chorley sounds two decades out of time.

What's unexpected is how much noise *The Web of Fear* makes. With few of the long eerie silences imagined to be there for tension, narrator Frazer Hines has to battle to make himself heard. Roars, gunfire, screaming and, for the control spheres, the familiar squeak-squeaking of a bicycle wheel, make the story come across as though it's been scripted around a sound effects LP. And if it were, then it'd be no more low-brow than writing one around tunnels and dark places. But then, *The Web of Fear* was written from the heart, not the head. It's there to feed the emotions, not the brain. Like an action movie, it isn't the story that matters, but the quality of the incidents inbetween. It may seem to be written on a week-by-week basis, but it constantly surprises by how far it can spin very little.

> **The Web of Fear captures the atmosphere of an old British war film – our plucky chaps bravely resisting a formidable enemy**

Although not a great story for the Doctor, *The Web of Fear* is blessed with more detailed supporting characters than usual. Lethbridge-Stewart has a presence and command which betters even his Season Seven days. The briefing scene where he plans his attack, with input and cross-questioning from the entire cast, is of particular note.

So on one side there's a dodgy plot and a messy conclusion; on the other, a very listenable script, the army, the darkness, and marauding monsters. If *Doctor Who* had a magic formula, *The Web of Fear* would be it.

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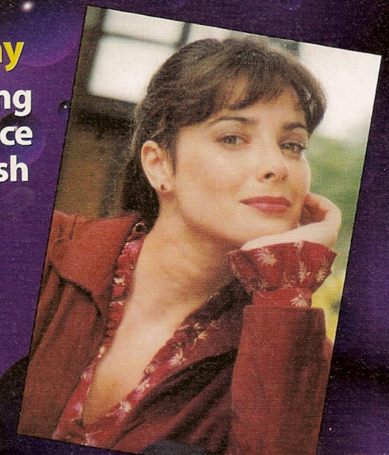

Derek
best wishes

Saturday 27th May

Caroline John shall be signing photographs at the store from 12pm until 3pm

Saturday 10th June - From 12 - 3pm

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Making her 1st signing appearance Maggie Stables will be signing copies of the 9th Big Finish CD release "The Spectre of Lanyon Moor"

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No escape from reality

Whales! Foxes! Badgers! More of the wild life and times of Tom Baker as Andrew Pixley presents a final selection of highlights from the interview tapes recorded for BBC2's *Doctor Who Night* . . .

On leaving the series . . .

"Well, you can't do something forever and I had to move on and try and do something else. But I suspected that it would be a disappointment afterwards, and of course it was. Nothing has been as successful as the Doctor – it's the only great success I have had. But because it's on television, it's never entirely gone away from me, and so [although] there have been disappointments in the parts I have played since, I do have those memories. And I am reminded by what people send me. I did the equivalent of 45 feature films – 180 [episodes] or something – and they're cut as 45 feature films in America, and now here I believe, and so it's still there. Also, I keep getting fan mail from people saying nice things of me.

"I found a letter in the drawer not long ago. Amazing – an unopened letter. I am quite scrupulous about trying to answer all my mail which gets sent to me from the BBC. I found this letter just a few months ago written in 1975 from Australia somewhere – Perth, Sydney, it doesn't matter – and it was from this little Australian boy who said, 'I think you are simply wonderful as Doctor Who. Maybe you could send me a picture or write to me. I'd like that.' It was very sweet and typical of a young boy's writing to me and wanting me to write to them. I looked at it and it was unopened. So I opened it, and I swiftly got a picture of myself and I wrote 'To . . .' – he had a wonderful name: Clutterbuck! I can't remember his first name. So I wrote, 'Dear George. I have been rather busy, but here's the picture you asked for,' and a couple of other things I sent him. And a few weeks later, I got this letter from Australia from this chap, who is now a brain surgeon or something – he's gone on a bit and is not all that interested in *Doctor Who*, and he had forgotten me, but he was so quick in his wittiness and recalling his lovely childhood that it was quite right there should be a delay of 25 years. He wrote back and said, 'It's on the wall of my office – a picture of you 25 years after I wrote to you.' So little comforting things like that, when people are reminded of their childhood, often make them happy when they see me.

'It was terrible going home at the end of the day – after being a superman with a prestigious sonic screwdriver!'

Mind my bike! *The Stones of Blood*

"In Manchester – where I have worked a lot and still go to for one reason or another – there is a gloomy place called Deansgate; not very well-lit, very boring. I would walk along Deansgate of an evening on my way to St Peter's Square, and you pass a beggar, a young man who would say, 'Excuse me. Have you got any small change?' – the pitiful mantra of beggars. I say, 'Yeah,' because I am quite interested in impressing even beggars really – because he may not always be a beggar, he might go into television and become a big producer. So I say, 'Yeah. Here, have a pound.' There is no-one around, and the feller is saying 'Wow! Doctor Who!' And I would say, 'Yes, that's right. Here, have two pounds' – as I was rather gratified to be remembered. He'd say, 'Man, you were my hero!' I'd say, 'Have three pounds' . . . and then I would look into his face – even in a badly-lit Deansgate – and I would see his thought catapult backwards to when he was a child watching *Doctor Who* on a sofa with his fish fingers and ketchup and all those things, and being frightened or thrilled by the monsters, and his mother was there, and when he was frightened he can look and see his mother. Now, at nearly 30, he is standing in Deansgate begging, and he sees his hero who is now white-haired and offering him three pounds. This has happened to me maybe 20 times – always the same. I hold out my pitiful amount of money, and smile in the hope that I may comfort him with three pounds. And they say, 'No. Never mind the money.' And then there is a pause and they say, 'Can't you get us out of here? Can't you get us out of here?' And there is the power of the imagination, because they are embarrassed to see their hero, and then suddenly they revert to childhood and hope that somehow I might be able to do something. Of course, I can't do anything except offer three pounds, which makes me feel inadequate.

"And so, I have a fantasy that it will be wonderful to say, 'Yes! Eight o'clock in St Peter's Square . . .' – or the top end of Deansgate or outside the Sawyer's Arms – '. . . I will be there. Put the word around.' And than at eight o'clock, suddenly in St Peter's Square there are thousands of them; the roofless, unloved people of Manchester will be there abandoning their mantra of 'Have you got any small change?', and the TARDIS would materialise, and I would open the door and they would pile in – all of them – and I would take them off somewhere nice. That's a marvellous idea. Then the next night, the *Manchester Evening News* would say – imagine the hypocrisy of the press – 'Who has stolen all our poor? Where have all the *Big Issue* sellers gone?' All those people who have been released into the community. '3000 people disappeared last night in St Peter's Square. There are no beggars left in Manchester.' And Manchester itself paradoxically becomes impoverished, because there is a very important place for the poor – without the poor, what would the Social Services do?"

On watching his successors in *Doctor Who* . . .

"I didn't watch when I was there. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of it somewhere if I happened to be in a studio or filming somewhere else Saturday night. No. It's funny isn't it? I suppose I couldn't bear it really. You know, those places you can't bear. You can't bear going back to a pub, behind a certain door where once you were happy and fell in love. London is full of places which bring back nightmares to me. And so I don't want to look at anyone else doing *Doctor Who* . . .

"I do care about what happens to the character, because the character within the formula was a time of such happiness for me. When they made it last year or wherever in Los Angeles with a very, very interesting-looking actor whose name escapes me – he looked very enigmatic – I thought I hoped it would be a success. And someone went to see it for me and said it wasn't very interesting. But I hope it will be. There is some talk that the BBC is

Photos: BBC [5] Richard Bignell [3]

Salad days? On location for *The Seeds of Doom*, late autumn 1975

going to make it in association with the Americans. I hope they get it right. There's no reason why they should get it right, and there are plenty of reasons – like evidence and history – that they'll get it wrong."

On the Doctor's enduring appeal . . .

"There are certain kinds of formula – like Sherlock Holmes and Dracula – that have become parodies. Sherlock Holmes is now a great comedy character, but people take it very seriously – I mean he has endured since 1885. When *Doctor Who* came along, the idea you see in all mythologies. It seems to me – says Tom, who thinks he had read all mythologies – but in all mythologies and all religions and all fantastic stories, something happens in the universe outside of ourselves. There is one common thing which is in the great mythologies – the Gods become human and come down from somewhere else where they have got power, and they may bring us good news and may tell us some of their secrets. This is extended to Doctor Who; he comes in an old Police Box from this place that no one had been to called Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous – ha! And he picks up a girl and he makes contact with lovely people like the Brigadier and all those greatly-loved characters – the Brigadier was adored for the way Nicholas Courtney played him. And the Doctor goes on adventures, preserving the world because all the aliens wanted to damage the Earth – so he saved us all the time. And there was a natural impulse in our analytical minds and our imaginations that we need saviours; we long for heroes who will know the answers and comfort us and lead us and defeat out enemies. That is all part of history and literature and mythology, and the Doctor is part of that. I don't want to suggest for a moment that the Doctor is Christ-like – that might upset people – so, all right, I think he is Christ-like. We look towards him because he solves things and never ever disappoints us. He never betrays us or is treacherous. And he is amusing. So I think that formula, and especially being able to dematerialise across the universe . . . you know, that's fantastic isn't it! No time elapses. We just dematerialise . . . It's rather like in a radio play when in a split second you heard the noise on the gravel and you have come from Boston to Lincolnshire or whatever."

On working with Elisabeth Sladen . . .

"I didn't separate Elisabeth from the character because I didn't know Elisabeth outside of the rehearsal room. I just found Elisabeth quick-witted and so willing to laugh and go along with me – I adore people who agree with me you know, very ordinary in that way. Elisabeth frequently agreed with me – not always – but she frequently agreed with what I thought was funny or how you do these detailed things. It was only in the detail that we were really able to be influential – obviously we couldn't change the narrative or ask for other sets. But in the details of how we react. She's also a great expert on old movies, and especially old comedies, and all those lovely bits of Buster Keaton and Fatty Arbuckle or whoever it was, so we often composed ourselves – because we could see the monitors – in that kind of way. I remember one image – Gosh! Who could remember it except me? – of the Bisto Kids. Bisto was a kind of gravy browning and it was on the side of tram cars – 'Ahhhhh, Bisto' – with these two people smelling this thing. And Elisabeth and I secretly tried to compose this picture of the Bisto Kids, me with my crazy hat on and her so sweet and pretty [see **DWM** 287, page 45]. I thought Elisabeth was wonderful. However, I have to say I think anyone who laughs at my jokes or agrees with my idea of what is funny is wonderful. I am very vulnerable to them you know. They can generally get their own way . . ."

On being a Time Lord for a living . . .

"Well, it was just simply a pleasure to get up in the morning and go out and do work where we were going to laugh all the time. And those *Z Cars* fellers would creep into our rehearsal room – they might be rehearsing next door – and you were miming terror, because obviously the monsters weren't there, and the *Z Cars* fellers would be shaking with laughter watching us. So it was a great pleasure to go to work. It wasn't like going to work when you got out of bed. It was great in bed. I like being in bed still, and you get out of bed and your feet hit the ground and you think, 'Oh, it's Monday and it's the real world,' and you hear the dreadful news.

'I thought Elisabeth Sladen was wonderful. I think anyone who laughs at my jokes is wonderful!'

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The Bisto Kids rehearsing for *The Hand of Fear*

With Mary Tamm. *The Ribos Operation*

People are voluntarily depressed by listening to news from people who don't know anything about it really – just reporting ghastly facts and making us depressed. Then I think, 'But I will be at work at ten o'clock,' and you go up to boring North Acton and into the Acton Hilton – as they called the rehearsal room – and then we'd get away from this terrible reality. And all the actors would be funny because we were all playing these crazy characters. So it was great to get to work. The real problem was at the end of the day – the real problem was going home. That was the boring bit. It was terrible going home, compared to actually being a superman with a prestigious sonic screwdriver!"

On the sonic screwdriver . . .

"I like what's preposterous, so the idea of the sonic screwdriver was wonderful. You would be trapped somewhere, running out of oxygen, and you try it and I would have to say, 'Sarah Jane, even the sonic screwdriver won't open this.' And so we would talk a bit longer, then they would cut somewhere else, then cut back to us, and she would say, 'Try again.' And so I would raise my sonic screwdriver and – zzzzzzt – it would open. It was a marvellous device . . . I mean, where would the writers have been without the sonic screwdriver? Where would I have been without the sonic screwdriver? People still joke. 'Have you got your sonic screwdriver?' they say ambiguously. I say, 'Yeah. I'm never without my sonic screwdriver.'"

On how he'll never tire of talking about *Doctor Who* . . .

"I don't see why I should tire of talking about myself in a success. As long as people are interested, I'm interested to talk about glory days – because it was the only real days of glory I had, so I am glad to share it with people who really want to know. That's why I am endlessly sympathetic to the fans, some of whom are not so young as they used to be, but there are other generations of fans coming along. And they would be appalled if I was flippant about what excites them.

"I have always tried never to disappoint fans really. Simply because the fans created me. It was their act of common watching that made the BBC say, 'Tom is an excellent Doctor Who.' It wasn't because of what the BBC thought. Who cares what the BBC thinks? What we care about is the vast public. You see, television is so much more important and powerful then film is because television takes place in a domestic context, and so you have got people snug in their own homes. Of course, they could be making love or having arguments or making tea . . . Because it is in a domestic context, when people are beguiled by what they see, then their relationship – however preposterous some people may find it – is intense and profound.

"I have a lady who writes to me – she has been writing to me for a long time – who suddenly has a desire to have a baby. And she keeps writing to me from a long way away saying, 'Dear Tom – be a father.' Ha ha ha! Yes! She wants me to be a father of her child you know. I never know what to do about that . . . I don't answer that one."

On whether he remembers highlights from particular episodes . . .

"I don't think so – simply because I am not that familiar with it because I didn't watch it very much. I like a bit from one where I refused to use a knife in some story – I've forgotten what it is now, it's all blended together. David Maloney was a director who was a dear friend of mine – he often laughed at my jokes – and I refused to use a knife to threaten this creature and say 'take me to your leader' or something intelligible like that." [Tom is actually recalling Pennant Roberts directing *The Face of Evil* here] "David said, 'How do you want to do it?' So I said, 'I will do it with a jelly baby because on this planet they don't know what jelly babies are,' and so I changed the line to 'Take me to your leader or I will kill him with this deadly jelly baby.' David had doubts about that – maybe it doesn't sound much in the telling. But what was so wonderful was the way the children were onto it. I quite liked that. I always found it very extraordinary that children liked me eating jelly babies. There is actually something gruesome about eating something in the shape of a baby, but never mind. And so I liked that bit very much, and when I used to meet the children afterwards, they would say, 'We liked that bit.' And children used to produce jelly babies and do this to me. So I wonder what it would be like to see that again. You know, the BBC keeps sending me copies of the compilations and I never look at them you know. It's terrible. I like to see them on the shelf, but I never look at them. Never."

On *Genesis of the Daleks* . . .

"I had a chance of killing off the Daleks and then I took the head off a Dalek and got out the kind of brain of something – very slimy – so wonderful. There was a close-up and I was acting all apocalyp-

'One lady who keeps writing to me wants me to be the father of her child. I don't answer that one . . .'

It's a jungle out there: *Planet of Evil*

Making a fair fist of it. *The Brain of Morbius*

'I like the idea of talking to foxes. Or badgers. I think children would like it if the Doctor talked to badgers'

tically – the only way I know how to act – and the great line was that all I had to do was rip this thing apart to end the Daleks forever, and then there was this marvellous line the Doctor had to say: 'But have I the right?' [laughs] And so, the Doctor was not wanting to impinge or change the course of history and didn't do it. But the real reason why I didn't kill the Daleks was that I would have destroyed Terry Nation's livelihood. Ha ha ha!"

On playing the Doctor in the future . . .

"I have been asked to be the Doctor again on audio – because you can't see me on audio – and these people are very keen and I have listened to some of their stories, and they want me to be the Doctor again in two or three stories. But this time I will have some influence on the script. I like the Doctor to be quiet fierce about certain things . . .

I want to do a story where the Doctor hears a strange mayday call sound, and I put the sounds through my synthesiser and it's a mother whale. And this school of whales is being attacked and destroyed by Japanese fishermen. So I am able to speak back to the whales and I tell them what to do, and there are several strands to this story, but by the end I have advised the whales – because the Doctor is so clever he can talk to whales – that we are leaving to go somewhere else and there is a second mayday. This is from the whalers who are complaining bitterly that they are being attacked by the whales – ha ha ha – and then I have to decide whether in fact I answer that mayday or not. I'll find a way of doing that. We will do it in such a way that when I am going away from some control tower, it's too late and I don't hear the cry of help from the fishermen and the whalers get what's coming to them.

"I like that. In fact, I would quite like to move into that whole area. I don't mean in a whimsical sense like Doctor Doolittle, but rather in the HH Munro/Saki sense of being able to enter and talk to animals and hear their point of view and argue with them and help them out. I quite like the idea of talking to foxes. That's very contemporary, seeing if they have a point of view. Or badgers. Yeah! Badgers! I think the children would like it if I could talk to badgers."

On how *Doctor Who* has lived on . . .

"I say that *Doctor Who* fans are a bit like born-again Christians or a bit like pilgrims – the endless pilgrimages they go on like *Star Trek* fans who trek from place to place and they meet each other at conventions. And this is absolutely wonderful, and rather like pilgrims going to Mecca or Catholics going to Lourdes. There are endless little souvenirs like plaster saints and holy pictures, and this is all part of being a fan when they exchange the holy pictures or the little images of me as a chess piece or something. You can't just have someone as a fictional character and not exploit him. It's unthinkable in our complex society. We must have photographs, images, interviews, so that it's all shared around. I mean, a great amount of the press – particularly the tabloid press – is taken up reporting on fiction isn't it? Whether it's *Coronation Street*, *EastEnders* – used to be *Doctor Who*.

"The other thing about fans of course – football fans or Roman Catholics – is that fans make sacrifices as well. That's a wonderful thing about a fan; they feel they have to suffer. They send me things – fans feel impelled to. People have sent me tomato ketchup from America or pickles from Cornwall, which often arrive in a terrible state. Old pickles that have been delivered to the BBC and have gone to various places – like mince pies – don't travel well. Somebody actually sent – I think they went to Jon Pertwee first, and he sarcastically said 'Not known here' – somebody sent me kippers from the Isle of Man. They went all round the place and eventually I got these about 18 months later. Phew! Boy, that was a memorable day! I love kippers, don't you? But not if they are that old."

On where he'd go if he had a TARDIS . . .

"Well, I think I would like to go to Soho which is where they serve nice bitter. I have no other desire. I get opportunities to travel quite far because of *Doctor Who* and because of the fans. They invite me all over the world and they make sacrifices to have a whip-round to send me a ticket. So, last year I was in New Zealand, and I have been to Australia. I can go anytime I want to Canada and once a month to America. The Americans are very generous in that way of inviting me to hear the same old stories. Fans like the same old stories . . . because I have only got the same old stories.

"But if I could travel in the TARDIS, I think I would go to lots of smalltown places in America or New Zealand where I was very happy briefly. Whereas now, when I can go anywhere in the world, I don't want to go anywhere, because I find the process of travelling utterly fatiguing and unglamorous. I think very young people will want to travel in squalor and perhaps don't mind – it is part of their laws about being young, it's so long since I was young I can't remember. But for me, I don't want to go anywhere simply because the process of travel always disappoints me and it always means I have a lower standard of living. Someone proposed to me recently that I might like to go to New Zealand for 15 months on a big film project, and I thought to myself, 'No, I don't want to go. I am not going to leave my wife and my cats and my old school to go all that way just for work.' I don't want to go anywhere really . . . but if it was in the TARDIS, I'd go everywhere. Yeah, I would go everywhere.

"And I'd take you all with me . . ." DWM

Life's a beach? *The Seeds of Doom*

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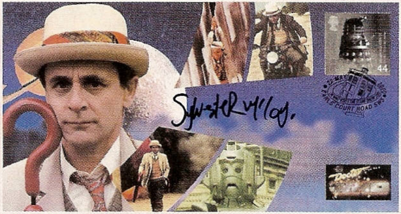

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It's the end, but . . .

by **The Watcher**

The whole of the Pertwee era was inspired by *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*. It's true!

Two months ago, you may recall, I made passing mention of that fine and upstanding 1968 entertainment *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* – a film which, by a curious and unrelated confluence of circumstances, I found myself re-watching just the other day. And I'm here to tell you that I have made an earth-startling discovery which is vaguely likely to shake *Doctor Who* appreciation to its foundations, a bit.

Cineastes of good taste and refinement will already know *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* as the unjustly overlooked cousin of Disney's garlanded 1964 offering *Mary Poppins*, itself an entirely acceptable picture but one which has nothing that *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* doesn't improve on immensely (oh all right, it does have better songs). Unhindered by the notoriously hideous accent which had stymied his performance in *Mary Poppins* (or "Maori Paw-Paws" as he appears to pronounce it, fuelling erroneous speculation that the film was originally conceived as a hard-hitting exposé of fruit farming in New Zealand), the sainted Dick Van Dyke holds centre stage as the inexplicably American Caractacus Potts (English father, English children), a barmy Edwardian inventor whose winning combination of irrepressible imagination, heroic bravery and long-legged comedy dancing makes him just about the finest role model any child could desire.

Film buffs will be aware of the picture's many amusing connections with the James Bond movie franchise: produced by Cubby Broccoli and scripted from Ian Fleming's original story by *You Only Live Twice* screenwriter Roald Dahl, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* boasts a chief villain in the person of Auric Goldfinger himself, Gert Frobe, while the scrap-dealer who sells the wondrous gadget-ridden car to Potts is, not inappropriately, portrayed by the lamented Desmond Llewelyn. But all this is as nothing compared with the revelations my recent viewing have brought to light. You can forget *The Avengers*. Forget Quatermass, *Department S* and all the rest of it. I am here to inform you, dear reader, that *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* is quite clearly the primary template for the Jon Pertwee era of *Doctor Who*.

Once the obvious keynote clicks into place – eccentric Edwardian boffin builds miraculous flying car in workshop – the other connections begin piling up in great billowing drifts. Blonde bombshell Truly Scrumptious, a lovable bimbo with influential relatives in high places, bursts into the film behind the wheel of what can only be described as a sprightly yellow roadster. Her first scene with Potts, in which she ruins his latest experiment with a well-intentioned spot of fire-extinguishing, is so entirely identical to Jo Grant's entrance in *Terror of the Autons* that you half expect the exasperated Potts to start mouthing off about steady-state micro-welding and aliens with nine opposable digits. He doesn't, but instead pops off to a funfair with a haircutting gadget remarkably similar to the one the Doctor pops on Professor Clegg's bonce in *Planet of the Spiders*, with the result that a hapless Arthur Mullard ends up with a hairstyle almost as hilarious as Clegg's.

Potts' father, meanwhile, is a stiff-upper-lip military veteran determined to temper our hero's flights of fancy with a dose of good old-fashioned common sense – but when this wholly familiar character finds himself miraculously transported to a fantasy land by way of a cramped wooden kiosk and (fans of *The Three Doctors* take note) a *balloon*, he's forced to reconsider his preconceptions. As evil palace guards arrive in the town square of the child-hating land of Vulgaria, Potts and the kids are hastily bundled into a house by friendly villagers in a scene instantly recognisable to aficionados of *Planet of the Spiders* – you'll note that 'children' in Vulgaria, like 'spiders' on Metebelis Three, is a forbidden word. It's noticeable that in both cases the peasants who drag our heroes to safety are played by famous comedians who kept TV audiences in tears of laughter throughout the 1970s – while Potts is rescued by Benny Hill, Sarah Jane is hauled into hiding by Gareth Hunt. But whereas the Queen Spider is only medium-sized scary, the Child-catcher, vividly brought to life by the famed ballet principal Robert Helpmann, is of course the single most terrifying character in the history of cinema – so this is one area in which *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang can* claim to have the edge over *Planet of the Spiders*.

Meanwhile Grandpa/Brigadier has fallen in with a gaggle of enfeebled, white-haired scientists (one of whom is played by Gerald Taylor – who would go on to provide, in Baker's Man and Vega Nexos, two of the defining characters of the Pertwee era), in a scene later to be blatantly ripped off by *Shada*. Small wonder, then, that one of the Ministers of Vulgaria is played by the future porter of St Cedd's College, Gerald Campion. Back in the main plot, Potts is busy providing the basis for *The Time Monster*'s legendary "daisiest daisy" mountain anecdote by singing the not-at-all maudlin classic *Hushabye Mountain* to the fugitive children in a dungeon beneath the castle. That accomplished, we're straight into a flagrant dummy run for *The Time Warrior*, as the resourceful Potts disguises himself as an automaton in order to create a diversion in the medieval banqueting hall while prisoners are silently freed and guards surreptitiously rendered helpless (earlier he and his pals have already pretended to be mannequins in Benny Hill's less-than-celestial Toyroom, an obvious precursor to the Doctor and Liz freezing at Madame Tussaud's in *Spearhead From Space*). And then they all go home in the Whomobile to live happily ever after.

Given the time it was made, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* scores disappointingly low in the *Doctor Who* cast crossover stakes, although it's interesting to note that Victor Maddern must have filmed his role as the nasty old Junkman more or less concurrently with his performance as the nasty old Robson in *Fury From the Deep*.

At around this stage I traditionally veer even further off the point than usual, and you'll be pained to discover that this month is no exception. You see, there's a superb Robert Helpmann anecdote that I simply can't resist sharing with you. The precise details vary depending on which raconteur you consider reliable, but all accounts agree that the future Child-catcher was once leading his ballet company in a prestigious tour of his native Australia. On the night that concerns us, the show was to take place in a giant rugby stadium somewhere in the Outback. As befitted his status, Helpmann was allotted the best of the meagre backstage facilities on offer – in this case, the referee's changing-room. While doing his routine pre-show rounds, the assistant stage manager was alarmed to discover the principal dancer balanced precariously on one foot on the back of a rickety chair he had dragged to the centre of the room, straining upwards with a hand-mirror towards the solitary naked lightbulb, the better to apply his mascara.

"Good lord, Mr Helpmann, are you all right?" exclaimed the shocked gofer.

"I'm fine, dear," replied Helpmann, "but how these referees manage I'll never know."

Anyway, back to the point, if indeed there ever was one. Brothers and sisters, I give you *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* – a newly discovered fount of *Doctor Who* source material. So let us all drag out our video copies and scour the film for further connections. Go on, you know it makes sense. I look forward to receiving your letters.

What's that? You haven't got a copy? I see, it's just me then. Oh well. What about *Mary Poppins*?

DWM

The Final Test

Are you brainier than BOSS and wiser than WOTAN? As usual, there are no prizes – it's just for fun. Answers next issue.

What connects:

1 Gallifrey, Dulkis, Traken and Karfel?

2 A white witch, a freedom fighter and a libertarian doctor?

3 Dæmon [pictured], Ogron, Gallifreyan and Kastrian?

4 Damon, Minotaur, Melkur and the Fifth Doctor?

5 Liz Shaw, Mike Yates, Harry Sullivan and no others?

6 *Shada*, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* and *The Entombment of Christ*?

Answers from last issue

1 All called Charlie (*Colony in Space*, *The Mind of Evil*, *The Gunfighters*).

2 The actors who played them (Windsor Davies, Martin Clunes, Tim Barlow and June Brown) all appeared in the BBC's recent adaptation of *Gormenghast*.

3 They were at the UK Number One spot (with *Don't You Want Me*, *99 Red Balloons* and *Never Gonna Give You Up* respectively) when the debut episodes of each new 1980s Doctor were broadcast.

4 Each features invisible aliens.

5 Silver Carrier (*The Wheel in Space*); *Silver Nemesis*; Silverstein (*The Web of Fear*).

6 Both sat on, and destroyed, BBC models of Athelhampton House, where *The Seeds of Doom* and the Christmas special *Goodies Rule OK!* were both filmed in the autumn of 1975.

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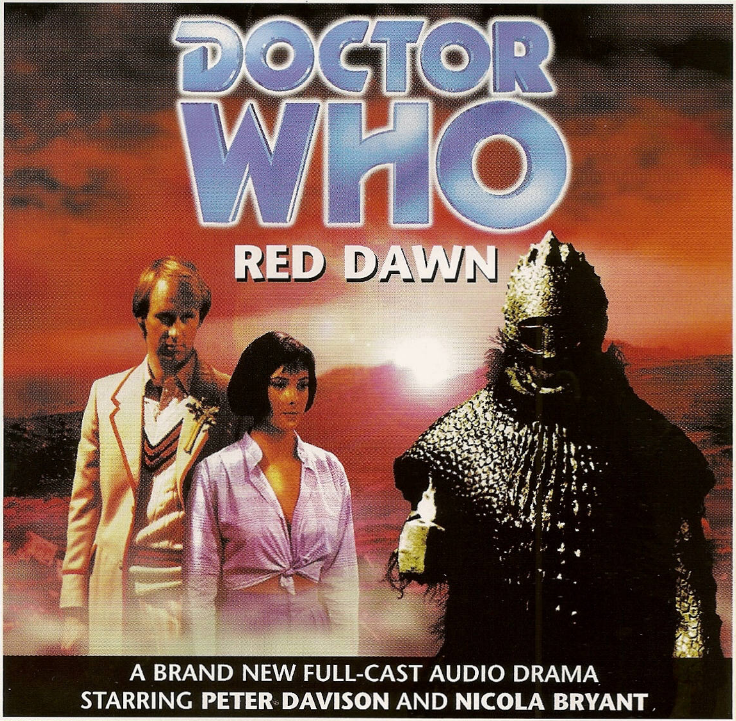
(AND THAT'S JUST THE HUMANS...)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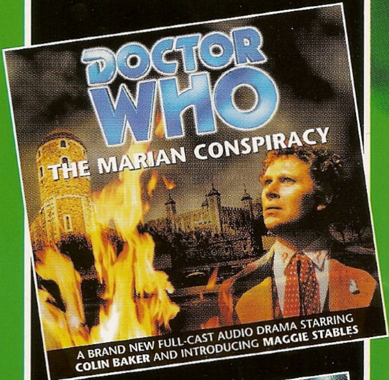
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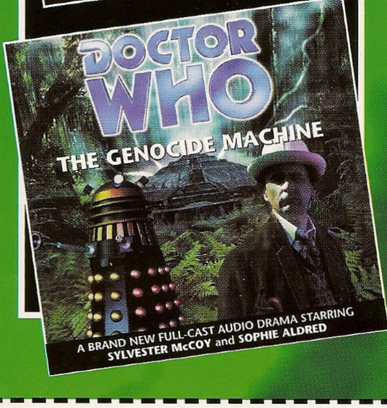
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